

Should
Mom Whyte
be allowed to
keep her
children?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

A new Blair Fraser report from Egypt

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FEBRUARY 2 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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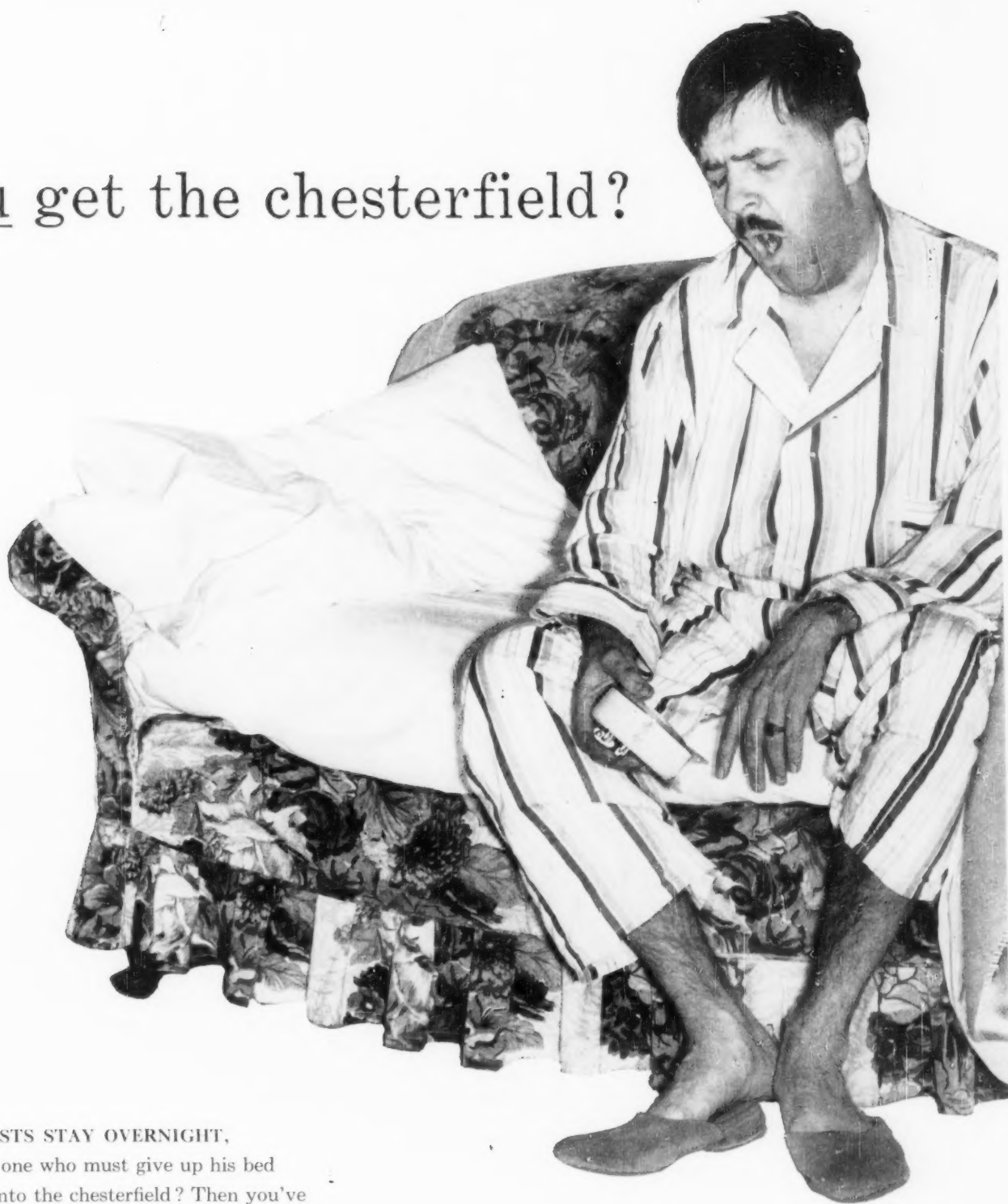
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 2, 1957

VOLUME 70

NUMBER 3

Editorial

The challenge ahead for John Diefenbaker

It came as no surprise to the connoisseurs of that modern political phenomenon, the TV Convention, that the image the Progressive Conservative Party presented to the nation during its recent Ottawa rally was distorted, fuzzy and baffling. Sometimes the picture was recognizable enough but on those occasions the sound had an unnatural ring. When the sound was okay the picture became obscured by snow, ghosts and other electronic nuisances. It took a real act of will on the part of the viewer to remember that this was the official opposition to the government of Canada selecting a new leader and beginning a new campaign which it hopes will lead it into office.

The portrait that finally emerged was not the portrait of a militant opposition with battles to fight and men eager for the battle. Like most Canadians of most political persuasions and like many of no political persuasion at all, Maclean's believes that in choosing John Diefenbaker as their new leader, the Progressive Conservatives chose wisely. Diefenbaker already has a fine parliamentary career behind him and is still young and vigorous enough that a still finer career could well lie ahead.

But if John Diefenbaker proposes to campaign on the basis of the platform endorsed by his party's convention it will take a miracle of personal magnetism to increase the Progressive Conservatives' following among the electorate by a single vote. If an opposition has any function it is to oppose. During the last two sessions of parliament, the PCs adhered to this principle; with George Drew setting them a tireless and often brilliant example, they reminded parliament and the people that the St. Laurent government, strong though it is, quite frequently stands in need of opposing on the grounds of ordinary human principle.

The present Ottawa government is Big Government, the Biggest Government by far that

this country has ever had. There are many things to be said in favor of Big Government, and during recent elections most Canadians have said them at the polls.

But there are also many things to be said against Big Government and historically and by tradition it has been the role of political parties calling themselves conservative to say them and to say them right out loud. There is a case against decrees by order-in-council and other forms of law-making by ukase. There is a case against unlimited extension of state paternalism. There is a case against handing out baby bonuses and old-age pensions to the rich along with the poor. There is a case against federal encroachments into the domain of the provinces.

But to judge from the resolutions passed by their convention, the Progressive Conservatives oppose Big Government for only one reason: it isn't big enough.

They proposed to add nearly two hundred million dollars a year to national spending on social benefits. The fact that they proposed at the same time to cut taxes may be dismissed as more or less innocent maundering induced by mike fright. The important thing is that, as of now, the most striking thing about the PC program is that it sounds like the Liberal program, only more so.

No doubt as the next election draws near and the television cameras recede into the background, Mr. Diefenbaker and his supporters will remember that they have many deep and fundamental differences with the Liberal Party; that in these fat times their chances of unseating the present government are very slim; but that they have nothing to lose and perhaps a good deal to gain just by standing up and being counted.

If they do any less, their prospects of returning to power—this year or ever—will be very gravely damaged.

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Lois Harrison (4, 55), Sandor Acs (5, 20, 21, 22, 23, 30), Miller Services (5, 12, 13), Toronto Star (9), Horst Ehrlich (9), Peter Croydon (10, 11, 14, 15), Toronto Telegram (11), Wide World (13, 19), Walter Curtin (16, 17, 55), National Film Board (18), Bruce Martin-Royallite Oil Co. (18), R. Allen (19), Bob Macpherson-Royallite Oil Co. (19), Baldwin Studios (40), Grant Collingwood (55).

The cover

Rex Woods spent almost a year, off and on, painting this one. His problems: finding (1) a showroom big enough to hold a full-rigged dinghy, (2) a winter scene and (3) a red boat. He found (1) in north Toronto, (2) by taking hundreds of photos, (3) simply by making it red on his canvas.

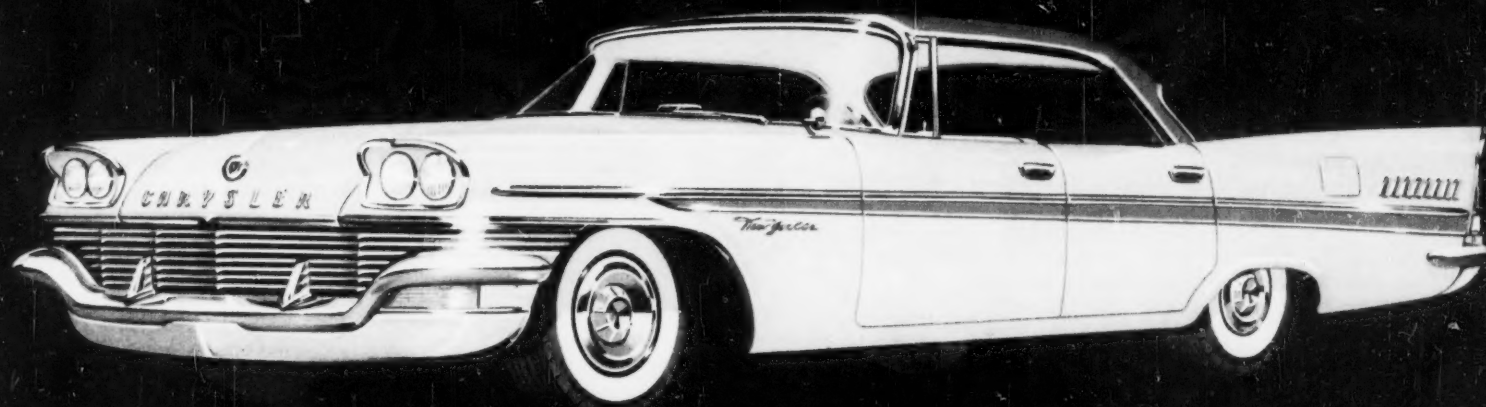


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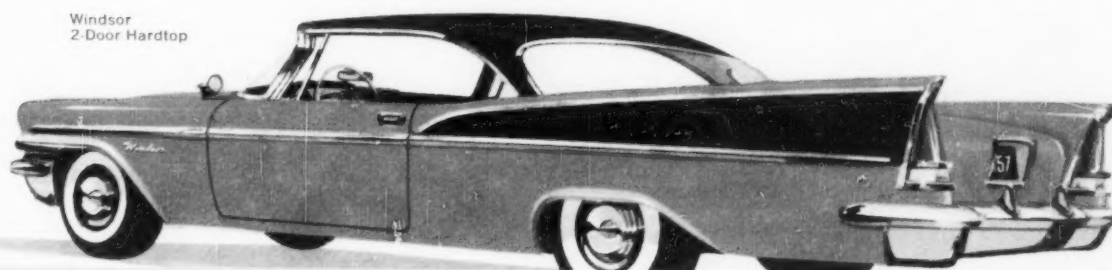
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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

MAVOR MOORE SAYS

Little lies have become big business

The Big Lie—the technique used by Hitler to mislead millions—became largely discredited with the demise of its masters. But the fashion in hypocrisy has merely changed: today we are in the era of the Little, or Short-term, Lie.

The idea of the new technique is this: if you can make enough people believe a falsehood for just long enough to achieve your aim, it doesn't matter if you are eventually found out—especially if the aim is an innocent one, or not really very harmful. A "giveaway" gimmick on a television show sells millions of bottles of shampoo before the customer discovers he is paying ten times what the stuff is worth to subsidize the giveaway. A perfume guarantees mating calls every hour on the hour, and the sponsor is able to retire before the wearer realizes the smell is keeping all but the wolf from the door. A book with a sleazy cover is bought before the reader finds his frustrations greater, not less.

It pays to be "sincere"

The reason the Little Lie is so flourishing a technique is that never before have we had such means to publicize so widely so quickly. We have now not only the ancient printing press, but radio, films, TV, recordings, better travel facilities for speakers, theatrical groups, art collections, and so on—all means of getting something across to an immense number of people in a short space of time. We live in a propagandists' paradise.

But along with this increased ability to reach an audience simultaneously has gone an increase in dishonest propaganda. (There is honest propaganda.) And the astonishing thing is the degree to which we accept it as respectable.

A politician in the recent U.S. election campaign, suffering a sudden attack of either candor or forgetfulness, put down his typed speech and said to his audience, "And now, a few words of my own." Ghostwriting has become so accepted a part of our life that the businessman or politician who writes his own thoughts is remarked upon as a phenomenon. The highest-paid speakers (often called "announcers") and writers among us are those who spend their time as apologists, who can most artfully assume "sincerity" to deliver messages they frequently neither believe nor care about.

"The truth shall make you free" is a Biblical quotation adorning many schools and universities in this enlight-



Man of many talents, Mavor Moore is a nationally known actor, director, producer, playwright and TV panelist.

ened country, and we righteously incline to vilify Communists and other polluters of the well of pure reason for rewriting history and science to suit themselves instead of the known facts. We pride ourselves on the objective pursuit of scientific fact, and the freedom our media of communication give us to distribute conflicting versions of the truth until the right one triumphs. But our professions are somewhat disconcertingly overshadowed by our practices. Instead of using these graphic and realistic media to promote the truth, many of us are knowingly using them to spread falsehood, half-truth, misrepresentation, exaggeration, whitewashing, blackwashing and eyewashing.

Some of our newspapers carry astrology columns! Our magazines still run ads announcing, "Doctors say . . ." (How many? Were they paid?)—or, "Lasts twice as long" (as what?). Our TV stations unashamedly use "canned" audience laughter and applause to dress up unfunny shows, and even our schools do not find it strange to teach "grooming!"

And yet we cannot avoid using these media. Scarcely an organization or institution today can do without a staff "publicist." Industries, colleges, churches, charitable organizations, sports teams—each has its press representative, promotion- or public-relations officer. Many of them are worthy men working in worthy causes. All, however, are engaged in propaganda, and it might be worth the public's while to examine the means they use, for the end does not always justify the means, and the rationalizations that publicists use for cajoling the public are often childishly transparent.

One of the commonest is that "it has always been that way." So far as it goes, this is **continued on page 44**



London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Where are Russia's allies?

It is a long-established custom to speak well of the dead, but not even a professional flatterer could drop many compliments on the grave of the recently deceased year of 1956. Certainly as far as the nations of Europe are concerned there can be nothing but relief in welcoming the infant New Year of 1957, mewling and puking in the arms of Father Time.



IN BUDAPEST: When the Hungarians rebelled against Reds even Soviet tank crews (above) joined in.

Certainly Sir Anthony Eden was glad to see the old year dead and buried. No bull was ever so harried and tortured by matadors and toreadors, and never did so many people scream for the kill.

In my time I have seen Churchill howled down in the Commons until at last he strode from the chamber in a black fury. And I remember the day when Ramsay MacDonald was so bullied that his mind became confused and one of his own party shouted, "For God's sake, sit down, man!"

Nor need we recall at any length the cruel cry of "Speak for England!" when the Labor leader rose at the end of Chamberlain's speech on the night before the declaration of war against Hitler.

And just to complete the list we can recall without tears that Mussolini's corpse was strung up like a carcass in a butcher's shop and Hitler's corpse was roasted in the fire.

How much easier it is for the president of a company who never has to face anything more menacing than an audience of shareholders who cannot read a balance sheet. His wife at least is safe.

One might imagine that men would think twice and then twice again before they embraced politics as a profession; yet the lure of public life never seems to lose its fascination, especially for those who reach the top. I can recall only one man who gave up the premiership without a single regret—Stanley Baldwin.

He was so sick of the whole thing that he just walked out. Yet there are moments when the crowd at the political bull ring shows an unexpected delicacy. It was so on the day when Eden came back from Jamaica and entered the House just before the end of question time.

The Conservatives gave him a quiet restrained cheer, and the socialists made no unfriendly noises. It was exactly right. Truly the Old Mother of Parliaments is not without dignity on occasion.

What an enigma this man is! I was told by a cabinet minister that on the morning of Eden's first re-appearance in the House the prime minister presided over a cabinet meeting with a complete knowledge of everything that had gone



IN CHINA: The Reds can't count on Chou En-lai (left) or Mao Tse-tung as true allies, says Baxter.

on in his absence, and, apparently, with complete authority.

Yet Eden had to face a press that varied from complete hostility to reluctant unenthusiastic support. Worse than that, he had to face a nation that moves on wheels and has only a meager supply of petrol. Perhaps this was the major factor in ending his career.

The British, of course, are accustomed to continued on page 54

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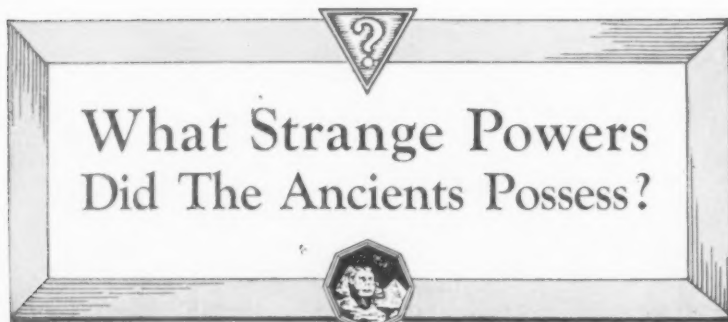
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Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy. Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as

fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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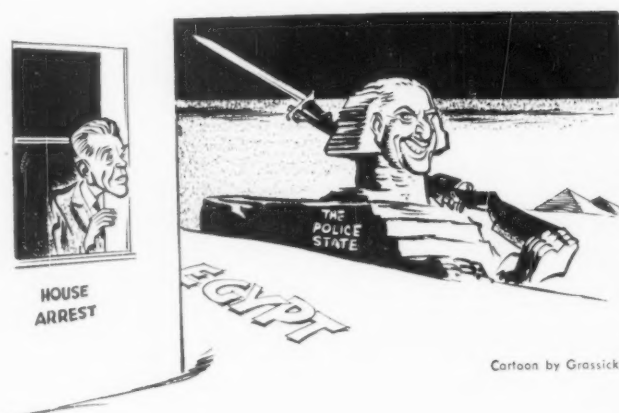
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Backstage IN THE MIDDLE EAST

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grassick

How I was arrested in Egypt

CAIRO: Dispatches from Egypt often mention people being put under "house arrest," as the first president of the Egyptian republic has been for the past two years. I never before had a clear idea what this penalty is like, but I know now. I found out about it one afternoon in the Nile Delta, in the course of which I was arrested myself for a short while.

Mac Dale, Canadian trade commissioner in Cairo, had arranged for us to go out to a small village with a Jesuit missionary whom I'll call Father Joseph. As we set off Father Joseph explained why he had to make this fifty-mile journey.

"My teacher out there is a timid fellow," he said in a voice like a bugle. "The government closed our school and sealed up the doors, and I am sure they will never get around to removing them. Never. But my teacher, silly fellow, is afraid to open the doors, so I must go out myself to tear off the seals for him and open the school."

Once we got there the operation took only ten minutes. Father Joseph marched around from door to door, ripping off official and impressive-looking seals of the Egyptian government and throwing them in the ash can. Then after making a brief tour of the mission and chatting with some of the

villagers, we started home again.

"We will make a short detour to see a colleague of mine," said Father Joseph. "He has a very dry parish, and seldom sees any one these days, poor fellow. We will cheer him up."

When we arrived we found out why Father Marcel saw so few people. He is a French national, under house arrest and forbidden to receive visitors. Father Joseph knew this, of course, but considered it no more important than the official seals on the school doors.

Outside the garden wall stood a little Egyptian soldier whose rifle and fixed bayonet were as tall as himself. He told us we couldn't go in. Father Joseph waved him aside, cowed him with a machine-gun burst of Arabic, and opened the gate.

Inside was another little soldier and a blue-clad policeman, also waving rifles and bayonets and also ordering us out. Father Joseph handed them his visiting card and swept past, the rest of us trailing after.

At the house door was Father Marcel himself, a skinny and visibly nervous little man who said at once, "Don't come in. You mustn't come in—you'll only annoy the police."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," Father continued on page 49

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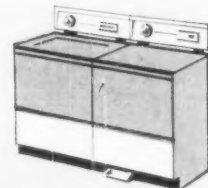
Old-style perforated metal basket bakes clothes, reduces airflow, slows drying.



New G-E Automatic Dryer speeds warm air directly to clothes, dries gently, faster.



Line-dried dress, left, is wrinkled, out of shape. G-E-dried dress, right, is smooth, needs little ironing, has "sunshine-fresh" smell.



G-E's Washday pair in Mix-or-Match colors—White, Turquoise, Canary Yellow or Petal Pink.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 2, 1957

This Ontario housewife
believes God has commanded her
to shelter homeless
children. With simple faith
—and little cash—she
cares for eighty.
She's called both a saint and
a dangerous fanatic



Mom Whyte with helpers and part of her brood in their farm home. She never turns a child away.

Should they let “Mom” Whyte keep her children?

BY SIDNEY KATZ



DR. CHARLOTTE HORNER

This health officer says children get no regular checkups, the haven is overcrowded and there's no nurse.



LLOYD ECKER

Her haven isn't needed, says this Ontario welfare official: "Ontario's agencies and staffs do a good job."

NO



FARLEY FAULKNER

"She's something special," says this ex-reporter who publicized the home and got Mom on television.



KEITH ROSS

This union leader says she's "dedicated." His men helped raise \$6,000, and built kids a dormitory.

YES

TO MEET MOM WHYTE'S CHILDREN, TURN PAGE ►



AS OUTSIDERS SEE MOM: She got all dressed up for this picture, but scoffed, "It's hard work." Too hard, many insist, to give the children proper attention.



AS MOM REALLY IS: She works eighteen hours a day to keep haven spotless. But is crowding a fire and health hazard? Some government officials say yes.

SHOULD THEY LET "MOM" WHYTE KEEP HER CHILDREN?

To Mrs. Robert Whyte, a forty-one-year-old factory worker's wife living near Bowmanville, Ontario, the complications of twentieth-century life seem unnecessarily confusing. For some years now she has been wrestling with an almost insurmountable problem: how to adhere to Biblical principles in a complex industrial society.

Mrs. Whyte, who is better known to her neighbors as "Mom" Whyte, believes that God has commanded her to give shelter to homeless and unwanted children. As a result, she finds herself cheerfully working an eighteen-hour day as "mother" to an estimated eighty youngsters, ranging in age from a few months to thirteen years.

Nobody is quite sure how many children there are in Mom Whyte's menage because as she puts it, "they are always coming and going." As a

simple Christian she is not impressed with the trappings of a sophisticated society—the meticulous records, the social workers' code, the fire and health regulations and so on. For this reason she has become a controversial figure, described on the one hand as a saint and an angel, on the other as a potentially dangerous egocentric and fanatic.

Caught between conflicting opinions, most of Bowmanville's six thousand citizens don't know what to think about Mrs. Whyte. Their confusion is shared by millions of other people because "the Mom Whyte affair" has already received national and international attention. The simple facts of the controversy are these:

Mrs. Whyte conducts her haven for homeless children on her fifty-acre farm, three miles southwest of Bowmanville. Most of the youngsters are

from Ontario but several are from other parts of Canada and the United States. Admission to Mrs. Whyte's haven is simple: parents have only to drive up and deposit their children. Few questions are asked. "The children are placed here by God," she says. "If there are children I shouldn't be taking. He would give me warning." So far she has never turned away a child. No time limit is placed on the child's stay and no regular charge is made for Mrs. Whyte's services. "God will provide," she says.

Actually, Mrs. Whyte makes do on her husband's sixty-dollars-a-week salary and on contributions of money, goods and services from some of the parents and from the public at large. She keeps no records of where the money and goods come from, or how they're used—a fact that rankles the more methodical.

Their criticism doesn't worry Mrs. Whyte. "I've got no time," she explains, "and anyway what would be the point? The Lord said, 'Let not your

Here's how Mom Whyte's many children live and learn—"They're always coming and going."



CHILDREN HELP each other. An older girl washes a tot's face. Others help feed infants at the table.



CHILDREN PRAY. Mom rears them just to pray to God. Critics say they should get parents' belief.



CHILDREN WORK at simple tasks, like cleaning off the tables. They eat 150 loaves of bread a week.



AS TV VIEWERS SEE MOM: With her brood she appeared on the American show *I've Got a Secret* to be interviewed by emcee Garry Moore and panelists Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan and Faye Emerson. The show's sponsors and other admirers gave them \$10,000 in toys, clothes, housekeeping equipment.

right hand know what your left hand doeth."

Because she does not operate her haven "for reward or hire" and accepts no money from any charitable agency, Mrs. Whyte has a fairly free hand. Social workers, public-health officers and child-welfare officials are anathema to her. "I'd rather come under God than under regulations," she says. "I want to run this place the way I want to."

Mrs. Whyte's admirers have won more public attention for her than her detractors. Farley Faulkner, a former Oshawa reporter, describes her "as something special — like Dr. Albert Schweitzer. To ask why she's doing this work is to ask why he went to Africa to open a hospital." Helen Francis, an Oshawa housewife left with three youngsters to support, writes, "She's taking care of my children without charge. She's heaven-sent." Keith Ross, secretary-treasurer of the influential Oshawa and District Labor Council (membership 24,000) described Mrs. Whyte as

"dedicated" and threw the weight of his organization behind her in a drive for funds that netted six thousand dollars. Carloads of union members worked without pay to build a new dormitory on the Whyte farm.

Garry Moore, emcee of the CBS-TV show *I've Got a Secret*, had Mrs. Whyte, accompanied by thirty of her children, brought to New York to tell her story to his forty million viewers, then gave her ten thousand dollars worth of merchandise for the kids and the haven. In Ottawa a special order-in-council—recommended by David Sim, deputy minister of national revenue — was passed to admit the goods into Canada duty-free.

Scores of visitors drop in at the Whyte farm and seldom leave without words of praise and gifts. One Kentuckian pressed a hundred-dollar bill in Mrs. Whyte's hand. Each week the mail brings contributions from admirers—toys from Edmonton, a gas furnace from Winnipeg, clothing from Los Angeles.

Yet, mingled with the acclaim for Mrs. Whyte there's a strong undercurrent of criticism. Her critics include businessmen, clergymen and health, welfare and municipal officials. John James, publisher of the Bowmanville Statesman, told me, "Local feeling about Mom Whyte is all mixed up. People hesitate to criticize her publicly because opinion about her is split down the middle." No major women's organization, church group or service club in the Bowmanville area has given her wholehearted support.

Why this reluctance? I recently spent some time talking to people about Mrs. Whyte and got at least part of the answer to this question. Lloyd Ecker, assistant director of the Child Welfare Branch, Ontario Department of Public Welfare, told me flatly, "There's no need for Mrs. Whyte's place. Ontario is served by a sufficient number of organized agencies with competent staffs, money and experience to do a very good job with children who need any kind **continued on page 39**

Mom is never sure just how many she has, but she insists, "I can be a mother to them all"



CHILDREN STUDY in haven's one-room school, taught by Ingrid Carlson, who donates her services.



CHILDREN PLAY after meals. Mom doesn't allow TV or radio. Here Whyte's son reads to children.



WITH "POP" WHYTE'S BLESSING. "I enjoy it," he says, and puts his \$60-a-week pay into food.



Syrian villagers, confused by the new forces at work in the Arab world, gather in a shop for news. Their radio and press didn't mention the Hungarian uprising.

Blair Fraser...



reports from Baghdad...

"NOWHERE IN THE WORLD IS THERE A LIVELIER DANGER OF WAR," HE SAYS—AND THAT'S WHY CANADA HAS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR STATESMANSHIP IN THE MIDDLE EAST

BAGHDAD

Canada has an opportunity in the Middle East today that never existed before.

The destruction of British influence by the attack on Suez left a vacuum here that will be filled from either East or West. Some people hope the United States will fill it, and all agree that the U. S. did gain vastly in the Arab world by President Eisenhower's stand against his close allies and against Israel. Others fear the Soviet Union is filling it already, and of that too there is some disquieting evidence.

But there is also evidence that Arab nations are somewhat wary of great powers as such, East or West, left or right.

"We appreciate what the United States has done, but we still have a doubt in our minds," said Abdullah Rimawy, foreign minister of Jordan. "The doubt will become a certainty if the United States should try now to impose on us a solution of the Palestine problem."

If there are doubts of the United States there are graver doubts of Russia. In Nasser's Egypt,

which so many people call a Communist puppet, the controlled press gave front-page prominence day after day to the Soviet butchery in Hungary. I asked the publisher of Cairo's largest daily whether this was part of a deliberate policy to check the rising wave of Russian popularity.

"Yes, I believe it is," he said. "We have conferences with the government from time to time about how we should handle the news, and our present instructions are these: First, we are to give credit to the Egyptian people; second, to

other Arab nations; third, to the United Nations. In fourth and last place, we are told to give credit *equally* to the United States and the Soviet Union."

This is the mood that creates a new role for a country small enough not to be feared, strong enough not to be disregarded, rich enough to give help where help is needed—a country like Canada.

It is not the role of a hero, much less a wizard. In this tormented region, anything that anyone can possibly do is certain to be wrong in some important respect. A government that meddles voluntarily in the Middle East is handing its opposition a stick to beat it with. The easy common-sense course is to keep out, and observe complacently the inevitable mistakes of others.

Against common sense is only this: that nowhere in the world is a situation so fluid, so likely to be affected for good or ill by actions within a small nation's power. And nowhere in the world is there a livelier danger of war.

Some observers, and they include some very cool heads, expect another major clash between Arabs and Israeli this spring. Each side now believes it defeated the other in the brief war last November. Each side is cockier, more self-confident, more self-righteous than ever before, and in a mood to strike back at any provocation. There is no shortage of provocation in Palestine.

Out here, several things are accepted as fact that are still matters of argument at home. Not only Arabs, not only foreigners, but even the few British officials who are still on the job in some Arab countries seem to agree that Britain and France did three things by their attack on Egypt:

- They destroyed British influence in the Middle East, for now and for a long time to come.
- They gave Arab nationalism its greatest lift since the Turkish Empire collapsed.
- They made President Gamal Abdel Nasser the hero not only of Egypt but of the whole Arab world. Some former enemies are now his admirers; none dare criticize him openly.

It may seem odd that a military defeat has become a heroic exploit in Arab countries, though anyone who remembers Dunkirk should be able to understand it. A Cairo publisher explained to me how Egyptians feel:

"You must understand that in Arab eyes it is an honor, a great honor, that two great powers had to go to war against one man. Don't forget that in this part of the world the greatest of great powers, the ones we have known and felt, are Britain and France. They went to war to defeat our president, and they failed—he is still here! It is a great triumph."

A Canadian who lives in Egypt put the same thought into a North American metaphor:

"Think of a small-town amateur boxer getting into the ring with Rocky Marciano and staying on his feet for three rounds. He wouldn't have to win—nobody'd expect that, they wouldn't even consider it. Just by staying on his feet he'd be a hero."

There's some evidence that the British government realized this beforehand—that they knew they could not win a real victory unless it were virtually bloodless, the collapse of a cowardly foe—and that they expected precisely this to happen. Some British "experts" on Middle Eastern affairs were heard, before the crisis, openly predicting that Egyptians would not fight in any circumstances. Nasser's regime was a house of cards, they said; a flick of the fingernail and it would topple. Since it did not topple, Nasser won the war.

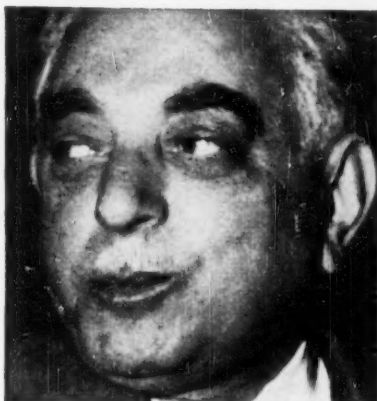
His victory meant a sorry defeat for Britain and Britain's friends in the Middle East. Except for those actually killed **continued on page 46**

FOXY OLD PREMIERS DIRECT YOUNG ARAB KINGS



JORDAN

Anti-British Premier Suleiman Nabulsi guides twenty-one-year-old King Hussein, who was put on the Jordanian throne by British power.



IRAQ

Premier Nuri as-Said's anti-Soviet stand is strongly backed by King Faisal, also just twenty-one. Iraq is a member of the Baghdad Pact.



EGYPT'S NASSER DOMINATES THE ARAB "BIG THREE"



Warm handshakes show outward unity of Syria's Shukri el-Kuwatly (left), Saudi Arabia's Ibn Saud and Nasser. Blair Fraser reports oil-rich Saud secretly fears Nasser's domination.



What you see

You think sight is one sense that can't deceive you, but it can and often does. Here

By Janice Tyrwhitt

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

Ever since man became aware of the gift of sight, he has courted and cherished the thought that seeing is believing. The other senses may play him false—the tongue may lie and the ear deceive—but the eye reports only what is there and what is true.

This reassuring notion, more and more experts in the study of the eye have discovered, is far too optimistic. No two persons ever see the same things in exactly the same way. For sight is as much an individual affair as love or hate, passion or prejudice. Seeing is handled by your brain rather than by your eyes and your view of the world is as different from someone else's as your dreams, your IQ or your opinion of a Picasso painting. Brain injury can blind you as surely as the loss of an eye, and mental illness can twist your surroundings into nightmare shapes. Even if your vision is normal, the way things look depends on the way you think about them. What you see in an ink blot or a cloud

formation is a reflection of what you are.

Your eyes are an outgrowth of your brain; they are translating machines that gather rays of light and transform them into nerve impulses. The message sent by them to the brain is meaningless until it's interpreted by your mind.

Because it puts your brain in direct contact with the outside world—it provides twice as much information as all other senses combined—vision has tremendous speed and impact. You respond to a visual stimulus in a fraction of a second, yet the emotional effect of one shocking sight can last a lifetime. Whenever you open your eyes, you set in motion a process faster than sound, more efficient than photography, a thousand times more complicated than the most intricate electronic system.

The secret of seeing lies in the retina, the sensitive membrane that changes light rays into electrical impulses. Thinner than tissue paper, fragile as grapeskin, the retina is stretched across



and how you see

is why different people see things differently—and some go blind with perfect eyesight

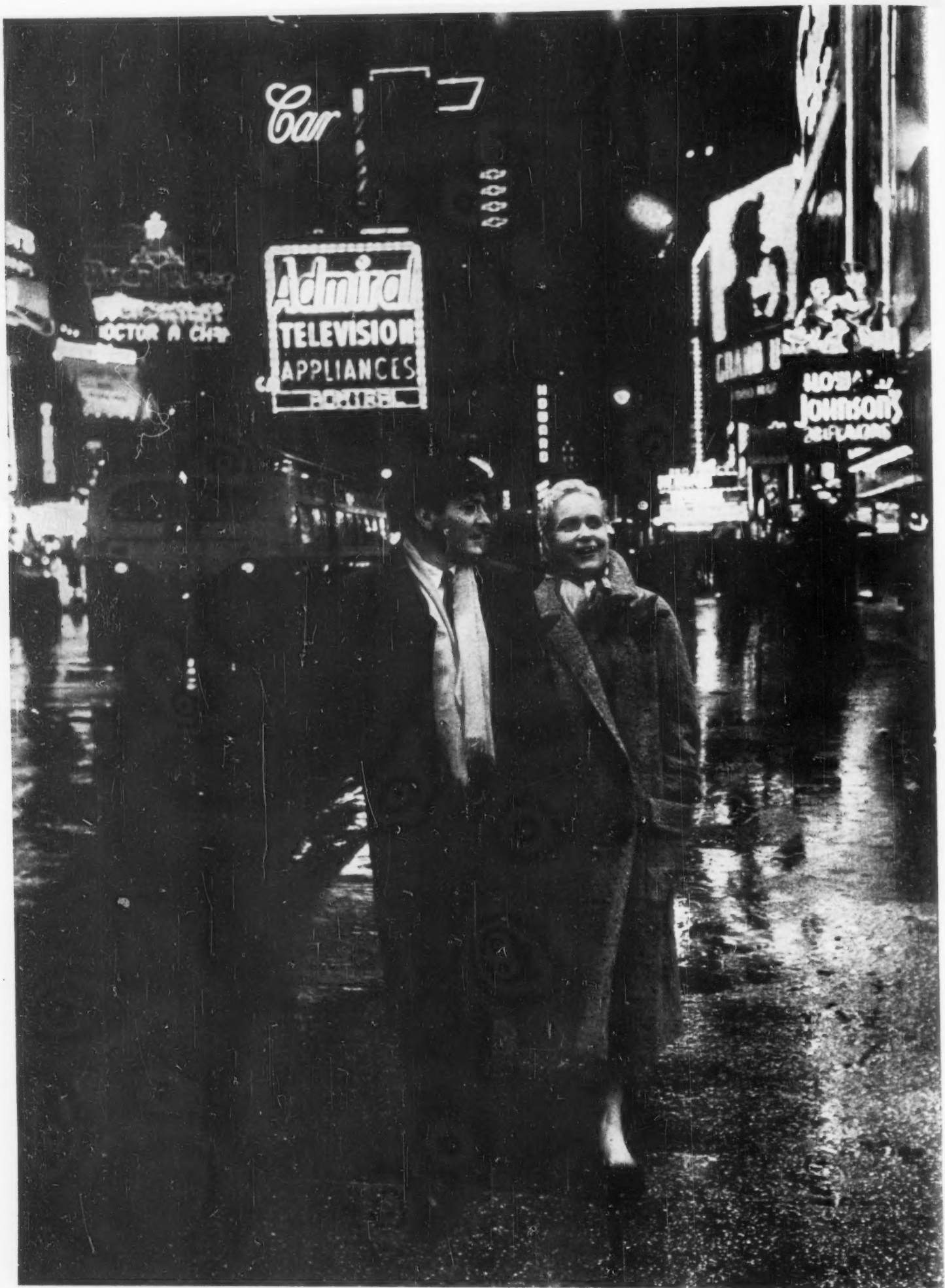
the back of the eyeball like the lining of an eggshell. Its innermost layer is composed of 137 million nerve endings from the brain, tiny cells that absorb light and transform it to electricity through a chemical process.

Your brain is also responsible for the fact that you see things right way up. Before rays of light fall on the retina, they pass through an elaborate arrangement of transparent lenses and focusing mechanisms, which invert light rays so that the image they cast on the retina is actually upside down. But by the time a baby learns to see, his brain automatically reverses the retinal image in much the same way that a man shaves by looking at his reflection in a mirror.

On the jumble of colors, shapes and shadows presented to it by the eye, the brain imposes pattern and meaning. We look out of a window and see more or less what we expect to see—trees with their branches poised above their trunks, cars moving forward at uniform speed,

flashing lights spelling out familiar advertisements. We interpret these sights so easily that we forget we would find it impossible without years of mental training. A new-born baby's eyes aren't fully developed, but they could give him a fairly complete picture of the world around him if his brain were capable of organizing the things he saw. Within six months he can see things accurately and in color, and his eye muscles are also co-ordinated. But the child gradually learns to see only after about six years of struggling to make sense of the images his eyes receive.

Within a few weeks he can fix his gaze on his mother's face, but it takes him several months to distinguish between her face and that of a stranger. Bright moving objects catch his eye, and he especially likes red and yellow. (By the time he reaches school age his taste will probably have shifted toward blue and green, although sociologists have **continued on page 33**



NEW TOWN: Diana glows on Broadway beside George Grizzard, her fiancé in *The Happiest Millionaire*. Next stop: Hollywood for three films.

The calmest little bombshell on Broadway

Diana van der Vlis
hit the Great White Way
with a splash
few girls even dream about
... star of a hit play,
rich movie contract,
talk of the town.
Everybody's excited about it
except Diana



NEW TEST: In glamour get-up for films, Diana amazed Warner's experts with her poise—"like Grace Kelly's."



NEW TRIUMPH: Diana won playgoers' applause in *The Happiest Millionaire*. Here she awaits stage call.

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

Photos by Walter Curtin

At the Lyceum Theatre around the corner from Broadway, where a minor comedy called *The Happiest Millionaire* is attracting comfortable business, a twenty-one-year-old Canadian actress named Diana van der Vlis is having the heady experience of abrupt and spangled success.

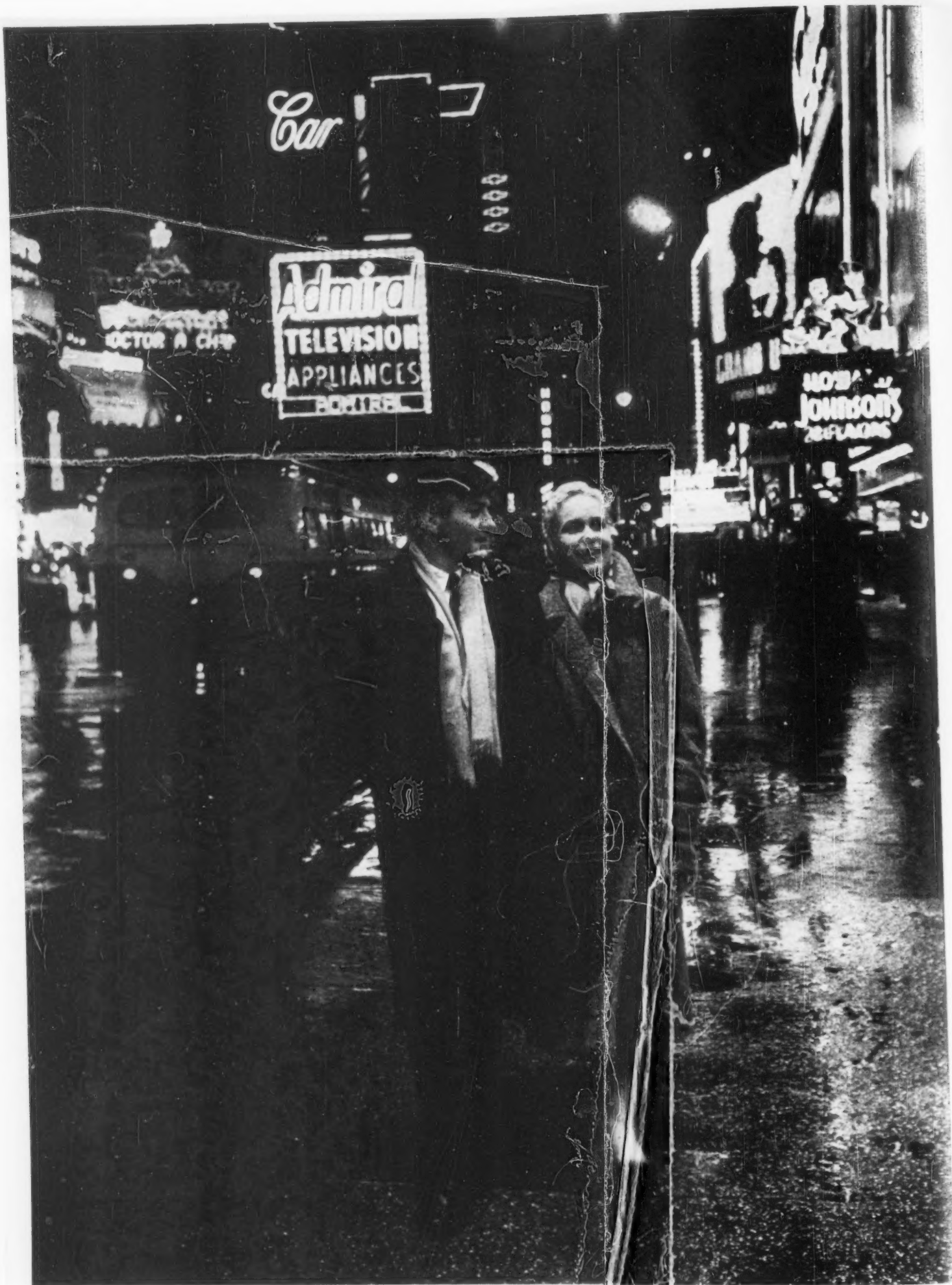
Last year she was earning sixty-five dollars a week with Toronto's struggling Crest Theatre company, where she was damned with faint praise by Toronto's critics and ignored stonily by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's casting directors, without whose approval the Canadian acting profession has a thin existence. Within a few weeks of her arrival in New York last summer, the same girl was the subject of an experienced New York theatre columnist's prediction that she would be one of the Cinderellas of the Broadway season. Before autumn, Diana van der Vlis had made a Hollywood screen test, was offered the starring role in a television series to be filmed in Paris, was chosen from a field of three hundred applicants to play the lead in *The Happiest Millionaire* opposite Walter Pidgeon and signed a contract to make three movies for one hundred and ten thousand dollars.

Diana currently is living the most star-struck dream a little girl ever conjured out of young hope and brimming fantasy. Brooks Atkinson, the New York Times' respected dean of critics, wrote after her Broadway opening night that she was "an uncommonly talented young lady." For a period of several weeks, she was interviewed and photographed every day. On successive days last December, for instance, she was photographed in color for a feature in the Sunday edition of the New York Herald Tribune and interviewed at dawn by Will Rogers Jr., on a network television show. For the former she wore boxing gloves and sparred with Lou Nova in Jackie Gleason's gymnasium; for the latter she was accompanied by a live alligator.

Diana spends six nights a week, plus two matinees, on the stage of the Lyceum. Afterward she usually joins other young actors and actresses in a nearby restaurant, where they order their main meal of the day at midnight and linger for hours over coffee talking shop. Occasionally she meets with one of her agents (she has one in New York and the other on the west coast). She is aware, through them, that movie companies consider her an exciting prospect.

"She's got class, for want of a better word," explains Howard Erskine, co-producer and co-director of *The Happiest Millionaire*. "She's got that same quality that Grace Kelly has, a kind of breeding. It makes her stand out."

Most experts agree that Diana is likely to find her greatest success in movies, where her unusual poise and composure are expected to lead to her coronation as the new Grace Kelly. This was prophesied eighteen months ago by the late Frederick Valk, the massive actor who came to Canada from **continued on page 36**



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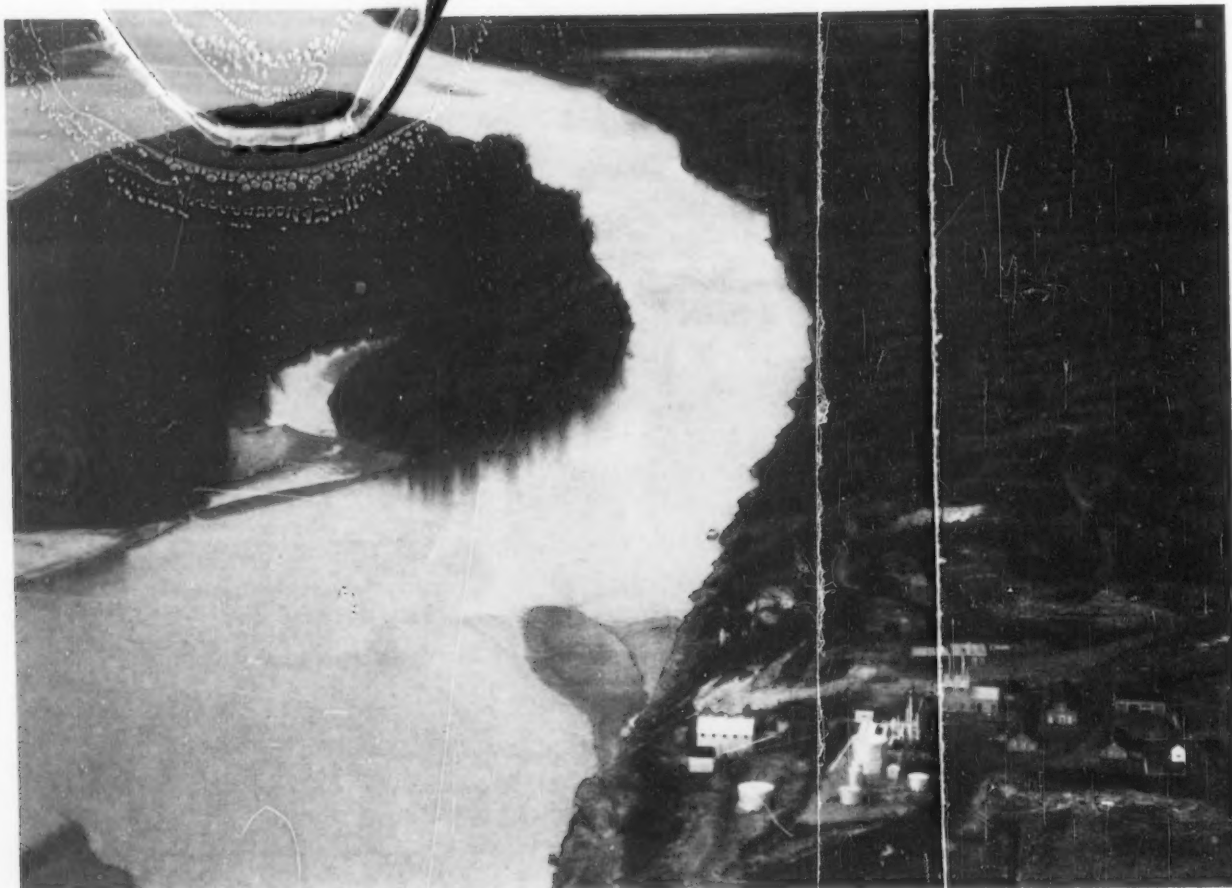
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Will wilderness yield its treasure? Billions of barrels of oil locked in northern Alberta's tar sands have defied man's ingenuity for half a century. Here on the Athabaska River two companies are trying to find a successful and economical way to pry oil from deposits like the sand bar above.

Will they solve the riddle of the Athabaska tar sands?



Will they get oil from sand? From his wife's clothes drier Bud Coulson (right) got an idea. Ray Althouse's firm will try to make it work.

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

The world's largest oil supply is locked within these strange deposits. Nobody has successfully tapped it. Now another company is taking the gamble — to the tune of \$ millions. Can it succeed where so many failed?

MAN'S VARIED ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE SECRET OF THE SANDS



"Black gold" is pried from deposit by workman Doc Willis. Indians used it to calk canoes.

Three hundred miles north of Edmonton the Athabaska River has gouged steep banks one hundred to three hundred feet high. Every traveler who comes down this highroad to the north—from Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the pathfinders of big business—has gazed in wild surmise upon the black veins of these cliffs, black sands that outcrop along the banks for a hundred miles, flaunting their fabulous wealth before all who pass.

There they are, in plain sight, the Athabaska Tar Sands, a gargantuan reservoir of oil, biggest in the world, 100 to 300 billion barrels. Here, potentially, is the world's most valuable single resource. All other known oil fields put together do not contain as much oil as these beds of oil-soaked sand. They underlay the muskeg over an area of at least three thousand and perhaps as much as thirty thousand square miles.

They have been a legend for years among oilmen. They've been known ever since fur trader Peter Pond first paddled downriver in 1778 and noted the Indians calking canoes with seeping pitch from the riverbank. "The empire's ace-in-the-hole," they were called, too optimistically, in World War II and, in another context, "the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow." One thing about them has never been in dispute: a fortune awaits the man who can solve the riddle of these sands—how to separate the oil from its tarry compound of sand and clay and get it out of the wilderness cheaply enough to sell at a profit.

For sixty years this locked-in wealth has taunted treasure seekers. Financiers and scientists from half a dozen countries have seen their greatest expectations founder on these sands. They have tried to float the oil out, steam it out, wash it out, burn it out. The sands are a graveyard of dreams and hopes, yet still men respond to their challenge.

A fast-growing Calgary company, Royalite Oil, is the latest challenger. Its president, Ray Althouse, declares that his company will spend "at least fifty million dollars" to erect a separation plant, a sulphur plant and an oil refinery on the banks of the Athabaska. His engineers are blueprinting docks, an airstrip, a 350-mile pipeline to Edmonton and a new town. All this promises a boom in the Athabaska area and opens another

chapter in the memorable saga of the sands.

In McMurray, a little river town that squats at the end of steel, the announcement will have a familiar ring. McMurray, since it was a trading post, has lived on the verge of a tar-sands development. Upriver at Pelican Rapids a gas well flares in the night, reminding oldtimers that federal geologist R. G. McConnell drilled there in 1897 expecting to find light oil. And that was the year that a Cree-speaking, flute-playing German nobleman named Alfred von Hammerstein saw the sands on his way to the Klondike gold rush and returned to drill six dry holes that he tried to pass off as successful wells.

McMurray remembers J. O. Absher, an ingenious Montana oilman who tried to set fire to the sands and condense the vapors that resulted. "UNLIMITED DEVELOPMENT POSSIBLE IN NEXT TEN YEARS," the careful and well-informed Financial Post said then. But that was in 1926. Townspeople remember Max Ball, a geologist from Denver, later to be assistant U.S. oil controller in World War II, and reputed to know more about Canadian oil than any Canadian. Ball built a plant called Abasand a mile from McMurray, but during the war the federal government took it over. Ball, embittered, went back to the U.S. The government spent more than a million dollars rebuilding the plant, but as a welder was making the last connection at the war's end a spark from his torch set the oil-soaked floor aflame and the plant burned down.

And sixty miles downriver from McMurray there is Bitumount, where two companies failed before the Alberta government stepped in with a \$700,000 plant. They used a process perfected over a period of twenty-nine years by an Alberta Research Council chemist, Karl Clark. Clark hoped that the plant would prove once and for all to private industry that the oil could be extracted economically. His method was to flood the sand with hot water. The oil attaches itself to bubbles of air and rides to the surface.

After running the plant for the summer of 1949 Clark invited a former assistant to visit Bitumount. This was Sidney Blair, a research engineer, now president of Canadian Bechtel, a leading pipeline builder. Blair came north with Ed Nelson, vice-president of Universal Oil Products, a Chicago research firm.

"What do you think we should do?" Clark asked. "Should we go on running the plant?"

"No," they both said. "You won't learn any more in the next ten years. You can separate the oil—you're doing it. You can mine the sand—it's just a variation of open-pit mining. Refining? We know all about that. The same with pipelines. What you need now is a survey to find out how much it costs to mine a ton of sand, separate the oil and ship it. Then we'll know if this oil-sands project is fifty years away or not."

The resulting Blair Report roused a flurry of interest. It said, in effect, that oil from the sands is a present-day possibility. The total cost of extracting this oil and delivering it to the Lakehead would be \$3.10 a barrel. It would sell for \$3.50 a barrel, bringing a profit of forty cents. The Alberta government held a confer-

continued on page 50



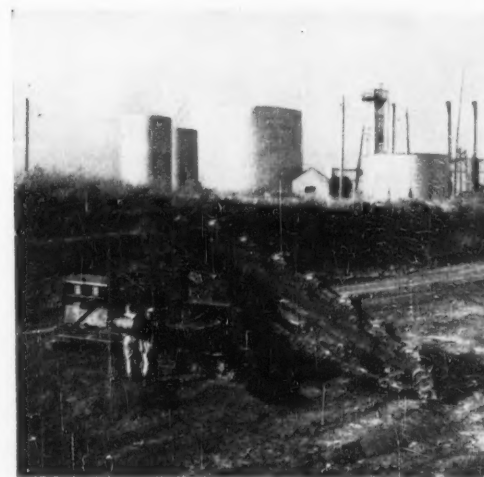
DIGGING

Near McMurray, Alberta, a power shovel scoops tar sand from deposit. But this method is slow and costly.



BLASTING

Where oil-drenched sand is stubborn the miners blast. But the biggest job is to drain the oil from the tar sands.



TRENCHING

This and other new machines to be used on sands will pour forty-five tons a minute to extraction plant.



SANDOR ACS

My last 17 days in Budapest

A Hungarian photographer, caught up in the first moments of revolution, finds time to scribble down this unique record and make some historic pictures

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY SANDOR ACS

For seventeen days of the Hungarian revolution, Sandor ACS, a twenty-seven-year-old photographer-reporter, watched the central events of the momentous uprising. His detailed diary of those events, and his photographs, published here for the first time, make a coherent and human chronicle of Hungary's tragic bid for freedom.

ACS was for four years the only member of the editorial staff of the newspaper *Szabadsag* (Freedom) who didn't carry a Communist Party card. Many of the others, he says, were "radish Reds"—red on the outside and white on the inside.

Like others his age ACS had been a member of the Communist Youth Association which, he says, was actually a hotbed of anti-communism. The members were more interested in jazz and Western films. ACS played clarinet at jam sessions to music smuggled in from Vienna. His personal idol is Benny Goodman.

Escaping to Vienna, ACS translated his diary for George May, a veteran news-agency correspondent. Then he went to see *The Benny Goodman Story* at a local movie. He didn't like it—too much story, not enough music for his particular taste. Flown to the U.S., ACS is now reported to be working in a factory in New Jersey.



Day One: Tuesday, Oct. 23

This has started out as a bright, warm, happy day—a perfect day for a mass meeting. By chance, one has been scheduled for this afternoon in Stalin Square. At the offices of *Szabadsag*, the newspaper where I worked as a reporter and photographer, I found the staff talking excitedly about it. The demonstration was organized by writers and students as a gesture of support for Poland. But now it appeared that workers would join in, and that gave it a different face. We were discussing this when a reporter rushed in to say he had just left a staff meeting at *Szabad Nep*, the official Party newspaper. The staff kicked over its Red traces and decided it would "no longer have a hand in putting out lies and propaganda."

We agreed that the revolt at *Szabad Nep* was yet another warning of the gathering storm. Tension had been building up for months. The Petofi

◀ **MUTILATED FLAGS** are carried as badges by young rebels after they rip Red emblem from them.



Circle of intellectuals and students continued to agitate for more freedom despite threats from Moscow. Workers held angry meetings at factories. University students have been walking out of Communist organizations, and setting up their own. A year ago all this would have led to mass arrests. Now nothing was done. But could the Communist leadership overlook a rebellion on its own newspaper?

Some of us went over to the windows to look at the Party headquarters across the street, and at the corner office from which Matyas Rakosi ran Hungary for so many years. We could see the Secret Police guards, but no sign of any unusual activity.

About noon we learned that Gen. Laszlo Piro, Minister of the Interior, had banned the demonstration in Stalin Square. The ban was soon lifted. Thousands that day were under the impression that they were triumphantly defying Communist authority.

At two o'clock, six of us left for Stalin Square in our old BMW office car. On the corner of Bajza Street, not far from the Soviet Embassy,



ANXIOUS GOVERNMENT leaders meet on fateful Oct. 23 as the revolt sweeps Budapest. Acs took this photo as aides coaxed Imre Nagy (centre) to address rebels.

we found a group of about seventy students. Within ten minutes, it had grown to two hundred. When the crowd swelled to about five hundred, it began to move down Lenin Boulevard, away from Stalin Square. Why they were doing it no one seemed to know. As the students marched down the avenue, they halted briefly before apartment buildings to ask for national flags. These were supplied readily, often with a kind word for "the young patriots." The flags still bore the Red emblem in the centre. The crowd sang the old Kossuth Song. (The song, named for Lajos Kossuth, revolutionary hero of 1848, calls on all Hungarians to join in the fight for freedom.) The marchers also began to chant, "All true Hungarians, join us!" As if this were a signal, passengers left buses and streetcars to join us. Hearing the songs of the 1848 Freedom War and the Hungarian anthem, God Bless Hungarians, people stopped to cheer, and others opened windows and waved handkerchiefs. I had seen nothing as moving since the Communists had taken over.

When we reached Petofi Square, on the Danube quai, we found it already jammed with a crowd

of about six thousand. (Sandor Petofi, Hungary's best-loved poet, died in the Freedom War of 1848-9, in which the Austrians and Russians joined hands to crush the Hungarian revolution.) The demonstrators carried banners reading, "We Hail Poland's Patriots" and "Long Live Polish-Hungarian Friendship." After a few speeches, the student leaders announced the procession would move on across the Danube to the memorial for Jozsef Bem, a Pole who fought in the Freedom War. As the marchers were crossing Margit Bridge, I took photographs from an upper-story balcony. By this time, there must have been at least fifty thousand people in the procession.

At the memorial, Peter Veres, the writer, began making a speech. Before the day ended he was to emerge as one of the leaders of the revolution, but at this moment few could hear him. Now, as so often on this day, the revolution was being betrayed by faulty loudspeakers. As Veres

PAPER TORCHES flare in Kossuth Square as rebels listen to tearful Nagy promise an end to injustices.

Continued over page





MARCHING REBELS cross Danube from Pest to Buda to rally at statue of General Bem, hero of the 1848 revolution.

FLEEING REBELS scatter as a Red tank opens fire. Author Acs, taking pictures, was fired on by both rebels and Reds.



My last 17 days in Budapest continued

While crowds filled the squares and Stalin's statue fell Imre Nagy wavered between Reds and rebels

spoke, students distributed leaflets, and the crowd cheered. This was no longer a youth demonstration. I saw there old workers and white-collar employees, and men in every type of uniform—army, railroad, streetcar and post office. They shouted, "We want Imre Nagy" and "Russkys, Go Home." The police did not interfere. Most of them, in fact, seemed to have joined the demonstration.

The huge red sun had just settled behind the Buda hills when the crowd recrossed the Danube and reached Kossuth Square before the parliament. I set myself up on the steps leading to the main entrance. From here, I could see streams of people pouring into the square from every direction. Here and there speakers tried to address the crowd, but only their neighbors could hear them. A sound truck slowly made its way through the crowd. When Peter Veres tried to use it, however, he found the loudspeaker defective. The lights went on in the square, and they cast weird shadows on the chaos below. There must have been about 200,000 people there by now and while one segment of the crowd sang another shouted, "We want Imre Nagy," and a third demanded that the "old" flag be raised over the parliament. Gradually, lights went on in the enormous building, and its Gothic spires became decorated with flags with a hole where the Communist emblem used to be. Suddenly, an angry cry arose from the throng, "The star, the star!" A few moments later, the huge red star atop the building went dark.

A window opened, and a man shouted, "Imre Nagy will be here in twenty minutes." The people below cheered, and as the word spread out, so did the cheers. From the edges, a special edition of *Szabad Ifjúság* (Free Youth, organ of the Communist youth organization) started moving into the crowd. The front page carried the student demands, and an announcement of Erno Gero's radio speech at 8 p.m. As the copies of the paper moved inward, the booing spread. In his three months as Hungary's top Red, Gero had made himself more hated than ever.

Another hour passed, and the immense crowd was becoming restless. Once again, the window opened and a man shouted that Nagy was about to arrive, and that, meanwhile, Ferenc Erdei (a fellow-traveling cabinet minister) would make a speech. The crowd shouted back, "We don't want Erdei. We want Nagy!" Instead of Erdei, leading actors mounted the steps to recite Petofi's famous *Rise, Hungarians* and other patriotic poems. The word spread that the 24-foot-high statue of Stalin in Stalin Square had been toppled. No one believed it. I heard someone say, "How can there be anyone in Stalin Square when all Budapest is here?"

I was atop a newsreel truck near the parliament's door No. 1 when Nagy arrived. As he stepped out of his Soviet-made *Pobeda* (Victory) car, the crowd surged forward and

a hundred hands clutched at his portly figure. His sleeve was nearly torn off, and he was badly rumped. The student leaders shouted frantically, "Let Comrade Nagy pass through," but the people near them shouted back, "Don't call him 'Comrade.'" While the struggle around the car continued I entered the parliament along with the leaders of the Petofi Circle. As we ran up the stairs Nagy finally tore himself away from his admirers and took the elevator up. We met him on the main floor and followed him down the ornamented corridors to the Speaker's office. Here Nagy immediately went into a huddle with the waiting men—Hidas and Mekis of the Communist politbureau, Erdei and leaders of the demonstration.

There were about forty of us at this extraordinary meeting—Nagy, unhappy and unsure of himself; the uneasy Communist bosses; Peter Veres, leading a platoon of the best-known writers and poets; determined-looking students; and an army colonel. Oddly, intellectuals outnumbered all others; workers were conspicuous by their absence.

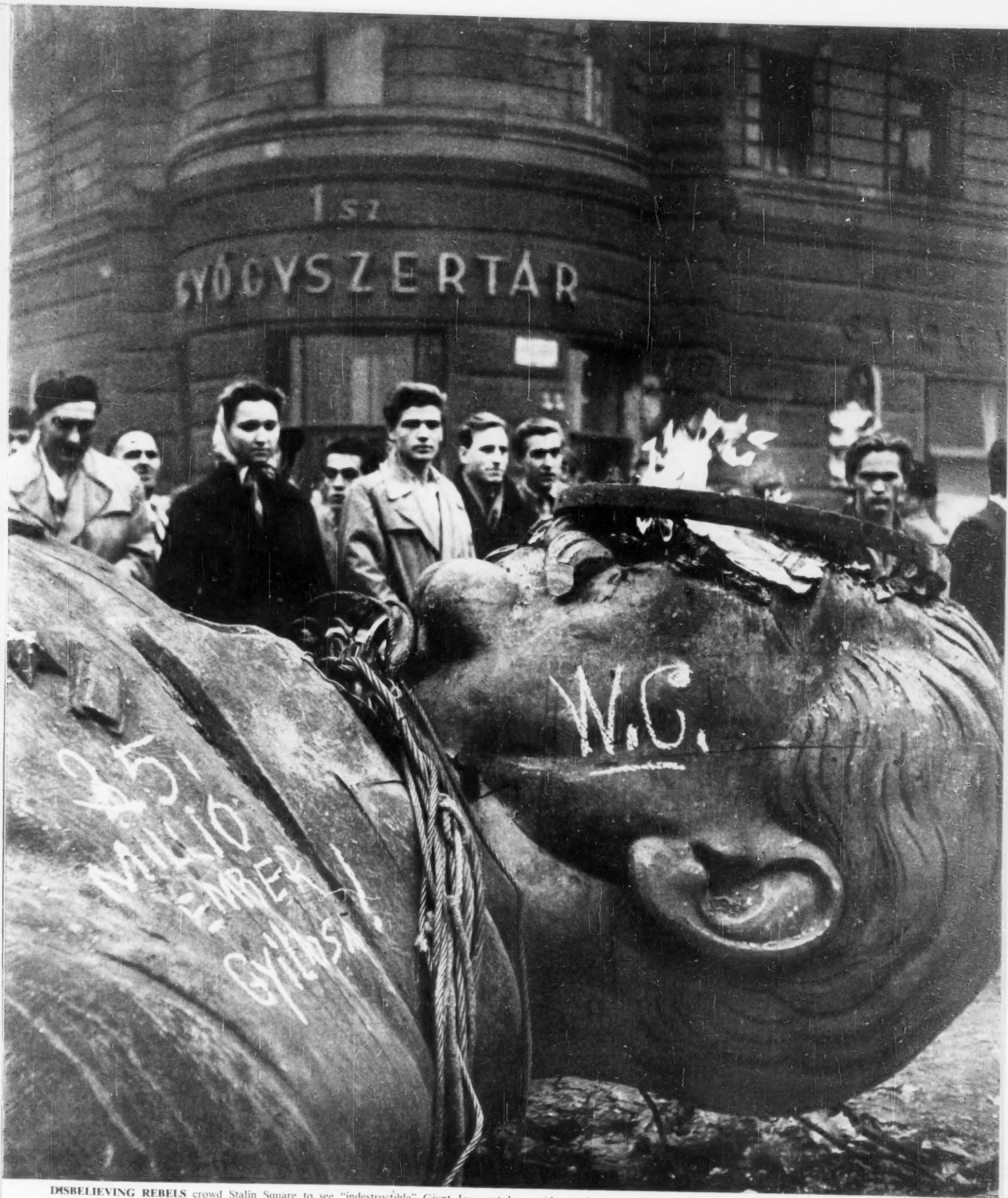
"Don't call them Comrades!"

The student leaders urged Nagy to address the vast crowd outside, and Nagy hesitated. "Why should I speak to them?" he kept protesting. "I'm more or less in retirement now. I am a private person." When they pressed, he insisted a speech of this kind had to be thought out beforehand. But bad news kept pushing its way into the room, and Nagy was weakening. The worst was the report that AVH (the Secret Police) had clashed with students before the radio station. "What will happen when the crowd outside learns of this?" someone asked.

Through the windows came the roar from the square, "We want Nagy." And then, from a segment of the crowd, the cry, "Csepel is here." (Csepel, an island just south of the city, is the industrial heart of the nation.) I think it was Csepel that helped to make up Nagy's mind. The workers had joined in, and given the revolution a new dimension. But before Nagy went out, a student urged him not to address the throng as "comrades." "The people don't like the word," he said. "Address them as 'Friends,' or as 'Fellow-Hungarians.'"

Shortly before nine o'clock Nagy left the room and pushed his way through the crowd in the corridor. He took a shortcut to a balcony just to the left of the main entrance. I managed to get on the tiny balcony with Nagy, and climbed on a stone railing where a student held me while I took the pictures. With Nagy were Erdei, a writer named Acsel, and a student leader. The balcony was almost totally dark, and I had to use my flash lamps.

"Hungarians," Nagy said into the microphone. "I speak to you." His voice was highly emotional, as if **continued overleaf**



DISBELIEVING REBELS crowd Stalin Square to see "indestructible" Giant Joe—cut down with acetylene torches. The printing says: "Murderer of 25 million people."

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

The Battle of the River Plate: The British have made a stirring film of the first major naval battle of the 1939-45 war. This was the epic encounter between the German pocket battleship Graf Spee and three Royal Navy cruisers in South American waters. The picture might have been even better if the story hadn't veered away in mid-battle from the Graf Spee's formidable but gentlemanly captain, Hans Langsdorff — a memorable character, superbly played by Peter Finch.

Beyond Mombasa: Although photographed in the jungle, this Anglo-American adventure seems no less phony than most of the "African" thrillers manufactured in southern California. With Cornell Wilde, Donna Reed, Leo Genn.

Hollywood or Bust: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a rambling, occasionally amusing cross-country farce. Anita Ekberg appears briefly in one of the title roles.

A Letter to 3 Wives: A reissue, well worth catching, of a 1949 Hollywood comedy-drama written and directed by the talented Joseph L. Mankiewicz a year before he made the sparkling *All About Eve*. It tells of a trio of small-town matrons (Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern, Jeanne Crain) who can't find out for many hours which of their husbands has just run away with the classiest temptress around.

Written on the Wind: A pretentious big-budget soap opera about a Texas oil king's neurotic offspring (Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone) and their alarming impact on the lives of two wholesome, clean-cut sweethearts (Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall). Rating: fair.

Zarak: A sand opera, in case you didn't know, is a desert soap opera, and this one, co-starring Victor Mature and Anita Ekberg, is a fairly typical specimen. Michael Wilding is also on hand as a sterling Briton who sets out to capture bandit Mature. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Attack! War drama. Good.

Baby Doll: Sexy comedy-drama; well-done trash. Rating: fair.

Back From Eternity: Jungle suspense drama. Good.

Between Heaven and Hell: War. Fair.

Bigger Than Life: Drama. Fair.

The Blonde Sinner: Drama. Fair. (Note original title: *Yield to the Night*.)

The Brave One: Mexico drama. Good.

Death of a Scoundrel: Drama. Poor.

Everything But the Truth: Romantic comedy. Poor.

Friendly Persuasion: Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

Gold Rush: Chaplin reissue. Excellent.

Great American Pastime: Comedy. Fair.

It's Never Too Late: Comedy. Fair.

Julie: Suspense drama. Poor.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

The King and Four Queens: Western comedy-drama. Fair.

The King and I: Music-drama. Tops.

A Lamp Is Heavy: Hospital drama. Fair.

The Last Wagon: Western. Good.

The Long Arm: Detective story. Good.

Loser Takes All: Comedy. Fair.

Love Me Tender: Fair western—but warning: Presley "sings"!

Man From Del Rio: Western. Good.

Moby Dick: Sea drama. Excellent.

The Power and the Prize: Drama of big business. Good.

Reach for the Sky: RAF drama. Good.

Reprisal: Western. Good.

Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.

The Sharkfighters: Adventure. Fair.

The Silent World: Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy. Excellent.

Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.

The Teahouse of the August Moon: Army-vs.-"natives" comedy. Fair.

The Ten Commandments: Bible epic. Dull in spots but vast, reverent.

Tension at Table Rock: Western. Good.

Toward the Unknown: Air drama. Good.

The Unguarded Moment: Drama. Good.

War and Peace: Drama. Good.

You Can't Run Away From It: Comedy. Fair.

he was on the verge of tears. The amplifier was poor, and it distorted Nagy's voice, and men below shouted back, "Who is it, who is it?" "I am Imre Nagy," he cried. But the noise below continued, and Nagy pleaded, "Please, please listen to me. I am Imre Nagy."

Gradually, the noise died down, and Nagy could begin speaking, but again there was an interruption. Voices below demanded a spotlight, so they could see the speaker. A student brought out a desk lamp and shone it into Nagy's face. The cord, however, was too short, and every few moments the plug was jerked out of the wall. Thus, as in a horror movie, Nagy's face was lighted up, and then again swallowed in darkness. At last, another student was recruited to hold the plug tight in the wall.

For Nagy, the speech was an ordeal. When he mentioned "Our Party," the crowd booed. When he said that "the Party will consider all just demands," the crowd shouted back, "Not later, now!" All was chaos below. "Let me speak," Nagy pleaded. "Let me tell you what can be done."

At any moment I expected Nagy to give up. But he showed self-control, and completed his speech. In brief, he assured the people that the injustices of the past would be corrected. But the crowd was not satisfied; it had thought he would announce the formation of a new government. It showed its disappointment by chanting, "Nem ezt vartuk! Nem ezt vartuk!" ("This is not what we expected!"). Nagy turned about sharply and left the balcony. Just inside the door, he was asked to go back and lead the crowd in the singing of the old national anthem. Nagy hesitated, but went back and led the singing. With 200,000 voices joined together, the old anthem almost literally made the windows rattle.

The singing over, Nagy hurried back to the Speaker's room. He was visibly disappointed. I think he felt that he had not matched the moment, that he could have said more, and moved his listeners more deeply. Back at the office, the faces looked even more troubled than before. Word kept coming in of new clashes all over the city, and the Communist leaders plainly showed that they did not know what to do. Mekis, his face a mask of anguish, kept asking, "What can we do? What can we do?" Perhaps the only sensible advice came from the students. They said only a fraction of the crowd could hear Nagy, and therefore it was urgent to broadcast his speech at once over the radio. Erdei objected, on the ground that the speech had been prepared in haste. The students demanded that the Communist Central Committee meet at once and decide on the steps to be taken. Mekis said this was impossible: "The Central Committee is scheduled to meet on October 29, and it can't meet earlier because its members are scattered all over the country," George Fazekas, the writer, said bitterly, "You had no trouble bringing the committee together at a moment's notice before." He must have been thinking of the haste with which the Central Committee met in 1949 to approve the garroting of Laszlo Rajk.

By ten o'clock, when the meeting broke up on a note of indecision, the crowd had already drifted away from the square. It was agreed that Nagy would go to the Party headquarters to join in a politbureau meeting then already in progress. (Nagy was not seen for the next three days, but appeared on the radio from time to time to make appeals for order. It was assumed that he was speaking at gunpoint.) But, as we were leaving the building, an excited man dashed in. "AVH is firing on the people before the radio station," he cried. "There are many

dead and wounded." Nagy said angrily, "This way we cannot negotiate. If such things can happen, then there is no medicine for it." He was quickly reassured by Mekis, "This cannot be true. Otherwise, we would have been told of it."

After a moment's argument, two students volunteered to check up on the situation. One was a thin, grave-faced youth of twenty-three; the other a red-cheeked, loud-voiced and powerfully built young man of obvious proletarian descent. I later learned that he was the grandson of General Szalvai, a veteran Communist who served in Spain with Rajk. The second youth telephoned the Defense Ministry, asked to speak to a deputy minister, and peremptorily demanded a car. Incredibly, a Czech-built station wagon did arrive in a few minutes, with a civilian driver and an army captain carrying a rifle. I asked to come along and off we went at breakneck speed. After a few blocks, however, small crowds began to halt us. They cursed and shook their fists at us. Szalvai's grandson pulled a pistol out of his pocket and told the captain to load his rifle: "You may need it."

Behind the *Szabad Nep* (Party newspaper) building the crowd was so thick the driver had to pull up behind an ambulance and park. I saw a youth lying on the ground with his kneecap shot off. Another wounded man lay unconscious on a stretcher. Seeing my cameras, the people began to urge me to take pictures: "Let the nation see what the AVH murderers are doing!" They also surrounded the captain and shouted, "You, too, want to kill us?" When they grabbed his rifle I began to shout to them to stop: "We didn't come to shoot. We only came to find out what's happening." At last I persuaded them that the best thing was to empty the magazine. A couple of men promptly did this in the nearest doorway.

Three shots—three misses

Someone then gave me a white bed-sheet, and the captain and I walked on toward the radio station on Kofarago Street. I honestly thought for a moment that the "truce" sheet would protect me. But as we turned another corner, my confidence left me. There was a sharp burst of machine-gun fire, and I saw men fire their rifles at the building across the street. A man told me that AVH snipers there had fired on a delegation of students going to the radio station, killing several. The civilians, he said, were given their weapons by the police. I kept edging on toward the radio station until a man stepped seemingly out of nowhere and halted me. He was a middle-aged worker, and he had a ridiculously small band-aid covering a large gash on his forehead.

"I'm sorry, pal," he said. "I fired at you three times, but missed each time." He patted me on the shoulder and added, "I thought you were trying to shoot me with this." He pointed at my flash-gun. For some reason this struck me as being very funny. Just as amiably, I said, "Shoot better the next time, but not at me." The man said unexpectedly, "Don't worry. From now on I'll be guarding you." Since my captain was already lost somewhere, I did not object. I found my new guard, however, of little use when I ran into a group of about fifty armed young men and women. They wanted to know if I was taking pictures for AVH, so that the Secret Police could identify the revolutionaries. When I protested that I was a press photographer, they demanded my press card. This really proved a puzzler for them, for my newspaper had just been renamed *Szabad sag*, or Freedom, and at the moment no word was more sacred. "Lucky for you you're not working for *Szabad Nep* (the Party paper)," they said

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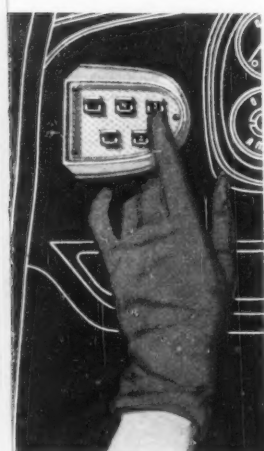


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I was allowed to go on. But just a minute later some armed workers pulled me into a beer hall. Two youngsters of about seventeen were lying there and bleeding profusely. "Take their pictures," the men said. "Let every Hungarian see this. These kids were demonstrating peacefully, and AVH fired on them. Go ahead, take the pictures!" But as I aimed my camera, someone else shouted, "Maybe he works for AVH." As the familiar argument started, I slipped out into the courtyard and then up a stairway to the second floor. I was badly frightened, for I thought the workers would now pursue me. I was right. Soon I could hear them ringing doorbells and saying, "We saw a cameraman enter your apartment." Trying to make no noise, I ran up to the roof, and managed to jump to the roof of the neighboring building. But when I descended to its inner courtyard I saw two men fire at a window. Hastily, I retraced my steps up the stairs. On the second floor I saw a thin line of light under a door. I rang the bell and a kindly old man looked out. He let me in and permitted me to go to sleep in a chair.

It was two o'clock in the morning of October 24, but the gunfire outside continued without slackening. Before dozing off I thought of all the incredible things I had seen in twelve hours—the demonstration that snowballed from seventy students at a street corner to a crowd of 200,000; of the old patriotic songs that I had not heard since my childhood and that now echoed all over Budapest; of the Hungarian flags with the gaping hole in the centre; of the general hatred for the Communists and their unbelievable weakness on this day of testing; of the pressures and intrigue that were at play in that parliament room; and of Nagy, looking like a sad walrus with his thick, drooping mustache and trying to decide what to do; and, finally, of the bloodshed and fury in the street below, and the youngsters dying on a dirty pavement on this chilly October night.

I came to with a shock at 6:30 when my host turned on the radio. The announcer said the government forces had been attacked the previous day by counter-revolutionaries, but that order was being restored. The people were warned to stay indoors. I looked outside. The sky was grey and unhappy, and there was fog in the air. In the distance I could hear gunfire. The revolution was still on . . .

Day Two: Wednesday, Oct. 24

On the way to the office saw Soviet tanks, all "buttoned up" and ready for action. Picked up fresh film, and went back to the corner of Rakoczy Street and Lenin Boulevard. The statue of Stalin had been dragged here by truck to serve as a barricade, and it still lay in the middle of the street. A reporter who was at the Stalin Square told me the crowd tried to pull the statue down with cables tied around its neck. When that failed, a man with a welding torch simply cut "Joe" down at a point just above his boots. History added a touch of irony to the episode: the man was a "Stakhanovite," or a model worker honored by the Party for his "Socialist" zeal.

I was back in the dark room, when someone shouted, "The Russians are coming." I dashed to the street with my camera. A column of four Soviet tanks and three armored cars was moving up the boulevard toward the "Soviet Ghetto," where the Russian officials and "advisers" live in comfort and isolation. The heavy vehicles easily pushed aside the insurgent barricades. At the tail end of the convoy the Russians had an armored truck with a machine gun.

The column halted suddenly. I promptly took some pictures, and saw my col-

leagues do the same from the windows of our printing plant. Without warning, the Russian machine-gunner opened fire on my friends. In just a few seconds there were only gaping holes where the windows used to be. An officer then stepped out of the truck, with his pistol on the ready, and looked around. Luckily, I was in a crowd of onlookers and he did not see me. After a few minutes the Russian returned to the truck. As he was climbing in the crowd stoned and jeered him.

I went back to the office and found that no one had been hurt. I picked up my camera and started for home in Buda to get something to eat and to change into clean clothes. By now every shop and restaurant seemed to be closed.

Just before Margit Bridge I saw a Soviet "bullet-sprayer" — a four-barreled machine gun that almost literally showers bullets. The Soviet soldiers on the bridge looked grim, but ignored the crowds about them. As I was going by I heard a noisy argument and saw a civilian trying to pull out a pistol. The crowd quickly closed in on him, and roughed him up. A card on him identified him as an agent of AVH. "You, cutthroat," someone shouted, "you want to murder unarmed people." It looked as if the crowd would lynch him. Suddenly, a man pulled a Tommy gun from under his overcoat and aimed it at the crowd. About twenty other men in the crowd also pulled out firearms, and began to fire into the air. The crowd broke up, with everyone seeking shelter. I threw myself flat on the ground behind a pile of gravel. The AVH agents shouted, "Everyone off the street." But, in the confusion, it was not so easy to do.

Then, incredibly, the Soviet machine gun opened up. I heard the echo bounce from wall to wall, and saw plaster spray the street. A man before me fell where he stood, nearly cut in two at the waist. Close by lay two other bodies. The machine gun stopped its terrible chatter, and for a moment there was complete silence. Then the AVH agents came out of their hiding places and began driving people out of the doorways. No one touched the dead, or even looked at them. It was as if everyone was embarrassed by the sight.

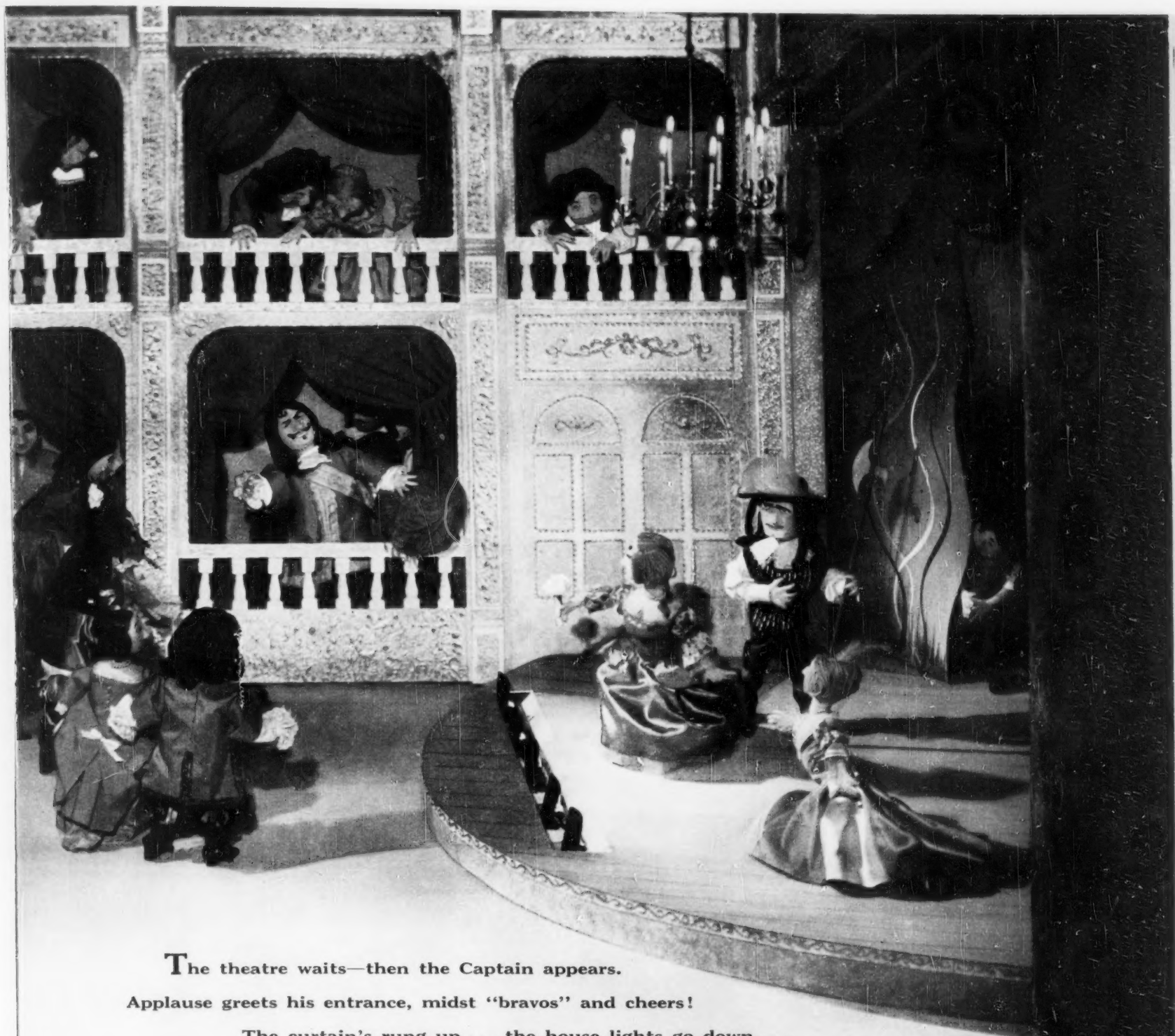
Much later, after I had eaten, I re-crossed this area. The dead still lay where they had fallen, but someone had covered them with newspapers. Now and then a passerby picked up a corner of the paper, looked at the face, and hurried on. The walls were plastered with insurgent posters. "Hungarians, resist! Do not believe the government lies! The fight is on and we are many. Everyone to the streets in the cause of the revolution!" There were new barricades on the boulevard. Armored cars hustled from one obstruction to another, and pushed them aside. But as soon as the vehicles moved away civilians poured out of the gateways, and built new barricades.

At the office we decided to start publishing a revolutionary youth newspaper, *Igazság* (Truth). Late at night, I re-crossed the Danube and listened to Western news broadcasts on my radio. It was good to hear praise of our courage and our cause. But I did not think well of the attacks on Imre Nagy.

Day Three: Thursday, Oct. 25

Cloudy. The radio is appealing to the people to return to work. At the office it was decided to dedicate our weekly to the people's cause. Later, we drove the office car to my courtyard and hid it there. The reason was that its license plate bore the same hated serial letters—AC—as those used by the Secret Police.

We had just re-crossed the Margit Bridge to the Pest side when the sound of a heavy cannonade came from the direction of the parliament, just a few hun-



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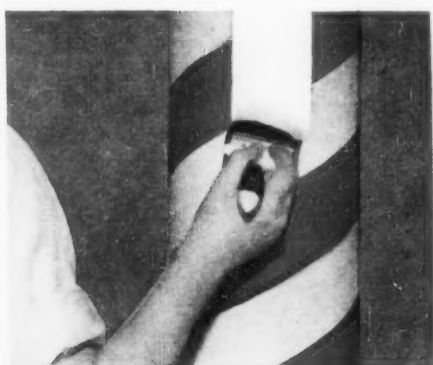
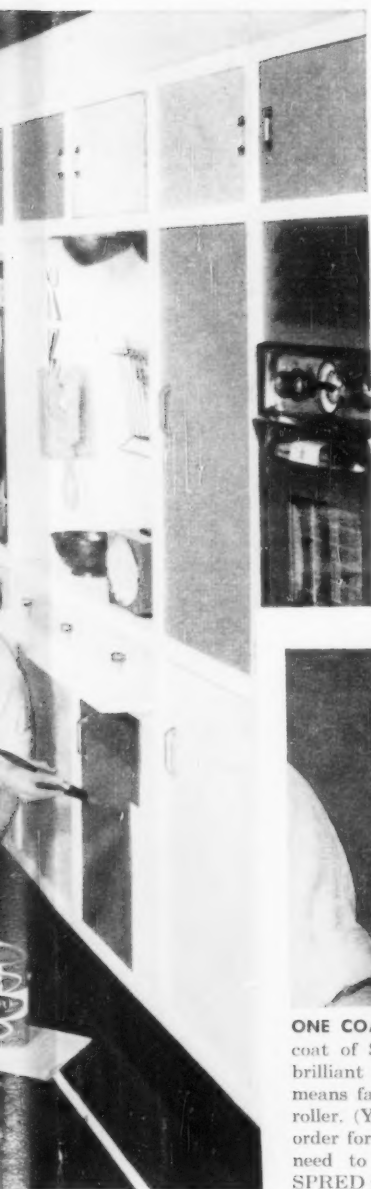
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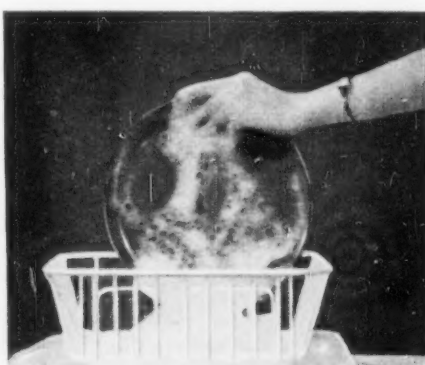
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"Through the vents we could hear men shouting, then the voice of a woman: 'Help! We want to live!'"

dred yards away. I took shelter in a doorway across the street from the modernistic headquarters of AVH. From here I could see that the Soviet soldiers were as confused as I was. They fired indiscriminately at anything that moved. At the first chance I ran toward Kossuth Square, before the parliament. By now I could see hundreds of people running to and fro in an effort to escape the gunfire. The Soviet "bullet-sprayers" and tanks opened up again at the milling crowds, and heavy fire was resumed from the rooftops. I soon found out that the roof of every large building around the square was being held by AVH agents, armed with automatics. I was pinned down in a courtyard for an hour while the massacre went on.

When the firing ended I cautiously walked the couple of hundred yards to the square. Before me was a scene I shall never forget. The square was covered with dead and wounded people. It was as if the earth itself were moaning and crying for help. There were no doctors, no nurses, no ambulances. At the ministry of agriculture, which faces the parliament, some kind souls put chairs outside of the windows, so that the lightly wounded could climb inside for treatment. But no one at the ministry dared to step outside. I don't even know how many lay there in the square; certainly hundreds, young and old, men and women. Some I saw die before me. I took some photographs, but an AVH agent came up and took the negatives out of the camera.

Later in the day I had the "Slaughter on Kossuth Square" reconstructed for me. It all started hours earlier, before Hotel Astoria, where a Soviet tank crew "defected" to the revolution. Some kind of a human spark must have touched the Russians. When the Hungarian youths clambered atop the tank, the Soviet soldiers did not fire. Instead, they and the youngsters began to embrace each other. "We're workers too," the Russians said. As happened so often during these forty-eight hours, it was decided to move on to Kossuth Square. Soon there were about fifteen thousand people in the square. The Hungarians sang old patriotic songs, and the Russians gaily tried to join in. A Hungarian boy and a young Soviet soldier stood atop the Soviet tank and each waved his own flag, while the crowd cheered. At first the crews of the other Soviet tanks before the parliament seemed wary, but seeing the joyous crowd, they too got out and began to fraternize.

At eleven o'clock, without warning, AVH agents opened fire from the rooftops. Many Hungarians and Russians were hit by the opening burst. There was complete chaos. The Russians dashed back to their vehicles and opened indiscriminate fire. Some people tried to hide behind the tanks; others sought refuge in the parliament arcade. But there was no escape anywhere from the men on the rooftops. A sound truck drove in blaring, "Everyone out of the square!" But as soon as the people began leaving their shelters, the AVH automatics again opened up.

It took me an hour and a half to get to my office, because AVH agents were everywhere. When I finally did arrive, I was told that the editorial staff had armed itself and gone out to fight.

Once again I headed toward Margit Bridge. But when I came close to the AVH headquarters, I found myself trapped. AVH agents were seizing young people and pushing them into the courtyard. Two Tommy gunners caught me, shouted, "Hands up," and pushed me in. The courtyard was packed with young



Digging for a prison

Women's cries for mercy in air vents in Budapest's Square of the Republic started rebels digging for a secret underground Red prison. Author Acs, who took this photo, left the ruined city without learning if the women were rescued.

men and women, all facing the wall and holding their hands up. Eventually, two agents came up and began to search me. Without turning, I told them where to find my press card. They pulled it out, and summoned an officer. He looked at the card, asked me a few sharp questions, and told the agents to let me go.

In the evening I ran into a young woman I knew. While we were talking we saw young people march by. We joined them and soon discovered they were going to the AVH headquarters. There were perhaps a thousand of us, and we shouted demands for the release of the detained youths. Eventually a delegation was allowed to enter the building. When it reappeared it had twenty-five of the captured young men and women.

Budapest that night was an eerie place. By now it was known that there had been many clashes with Soviet troops, and one constantly heard the cry, "Russkys, Go Home!" The massacre in the square also showed that there could be no peaceable revolution. All over the city, workers and youths were banding themselves into guerrilla units. Some were armed with weapons supplied by the Hungarian Army; others had guns captured from the Russians. And all over Budapest this night adults and youngsters alike were making "Molotov cocktails." We had learned how from the Communists themselves in the frenzied years of Moscow-sponsored militarization.

Day Four: Friday, Oct. 26

Skirmishes all over the city. The government has ordered the people to stay indoors or risk being shot. Busy at the printing plant, putting out our new *Igazság*, I went up to the tower several times and saw Soviet tanks race up and down the streets, taking potshots at buildings. First I could hear a loud bang and then see a hole open up in a wall, or even an entire wall settle down. All this seems senseless—unless the Russians are trying to frighten us. Once a column of tanks rumbled down our street, banging away at the buildings on both sides. The plant was also hit, but no one was injured. Everyone is telling the latest joke by the

popular comedian Halmi: "My place is really modern now. I pressed the elevator button, and the whole building came down." Funny.

Day Eight: Tuesday, Oct. 30

Drove out to the Square of the Republic to deliver a bundle of our papers to the hospital there. But when I came close I heard gunfire. The insurgents were storming the headquarters of the Budapest Communist organization. The building was held by about a hundred AVH agents. The square was littered with bodies and I helped drag some of the wounded to the hospital.

Day Nine: Wednesday, Oct. 31

The insurgents today captured the Party building on the Square of the Republic, but the birds had flown during the night. All of them, that is, but eight. The enraged crowd beat these men to death, and then strung them up on trees. After that came what was to me the most heart-breaking episode of the past nine days. Outside of the Party building we found something that looked like ventilation shafts, and suddenly, out of them, came voices. We guessed that there was a secret AVH prison under the square, and began a frantic search of the Party building for the entrance to it. However we searched, we found nothing. Shovels were brought up, and we began digging. Later a steam shovel was put to work. And all through this, the cries came through the vents. From one we could hear men shouting, "Confirm that you're AVH! Please confirm!" And from the other, the voice of a woman, "Help! We want to live!"

Across the river today a man named Jozsef Dudas banded together some two hundred armed men and stormed the Foreign Ministry. They failed. This, however, did not prevent Dudas from setting up a "revolutionary committee," naming himself its head, and issuing proclamations. Nobody at the office knows anything about Dudas, except that he is about forty-five and had spent some seven

years in prison. Who is he? Where did he come from? What was he in prison for? Revolutionary turmoil always brings up flotsam, and our revolution is no exception. Dudas is only one of the many opportunists who have popped up in recent days and laid claim to leadership. They are not our leaders. At the office we agreed that we want our leaders to come out of the Petofi Circle—that band of intellectuals which has laid the groundwork for this revolution.

There is much talk among the young people about where the revolution is headed, and who should lead it. There is general agreement that Cardinal Mindszenty's reappearance has done the revolutionary cause no good. It is felt that he should remain a spiritual leader, and stay out of politics. There is sympathy for him as a victim of the Reds. At the same time no one wants him as a political leader, for there is fear of a clerical-rightist regime. There also is strong opposition to the return of the emigré politicians from the West. "They've led a comfortable life abroad," people say, "and now they want to cash in on our revolution." Imre Nagy's regime is seen simply as a transitory phase, before we can elect our own government. No one wants extremes—either right or left, either old-time capitalism or communism.

Day Twelve: Saturday, Nov. 3

The sun is bright, and there is good cheer in our hearts. We walk among the ruins and talk about "the first free Hungarian day." There is a feeling that the revolution has won out. Imre Nagy has made a hopeful broadcast. The main radio station has started calling itself "Free Kossuth Radio," and reporting what we know to be the truth. Workers are going back to the factories. Outside of apartment buildings I saw people sawing plywood to replace the shattered glass in their windows. In the streets the barricades had been moved to the curbs to allow free traffic.

Wherever one goes there are fresh

JASPER

by Simpkins





The event: The BALLET

The cigarette: MATINÉE

Discerning people have discovered that Matinée has all the refinements they look for in a cigarette... quality, mildness, good taste... and a pure white filter that draws easily.

IT'S THE CIGARETTE WITH THE *Magic Tip*



A Secret I would like to share with you

It's my secret of complete mouth hygiene. Bad breath is most often caused by mouth impurities. And you can't remove these germ-harbours, odour-producing deposits just by cleaning your teeth. You must clean all of the other areas of your mouth and throat.

Pleasant cinnamon-clove flavoured LAVORIS does this thoroughly for you in seconds. So, just as regularly as you clean your teeth, *purify* your mouth with LAVORIS. . . You'll enjoy its tingling refreshment and be certain your breath is fresh and pure.



Refreshing

Effective

By trapping tanks with a gooey soap kids could throw their Molotov cocktails

graves of people killed in the revolution, and each is adorned with flowers and lighted candles. At one street corner I saw an open Russian ammunition case. A hundred-forint (\$9) bill was pinned to the lid, next to the note: "The purity of our revolution allows us to collect money in this manner for the families of the heroic dead." The case was filled with money, and everyone who passed by dropped in some. Yet, no one was guarding it. Soon a truckload of young insurgents came by and emptied the case. And almost as soon as they drove off, more bank notes began to flutter into the box. This high morality is one of the remarkable things about the revolution. I also saw a Soviet truck loaded with bread drive up to a queue waiting before a bakery. When the Russians tried to distribute the loaves, the people silently turned away.

Walked over to the National Theatre to take a look at the statue of Stalin. By now only a small piece of the waistline remained there. Souvenir hunters were hacking away at it. In the Square of the Republic the digging for the secret prison continues, and the voices keep pleading through the air vents. By now, the hole is more than twenty feet deep, but everyone guesses that we are not even a third of the way down. Will we ever reach them?

Day Thirteen: Sunday, Nov. 4

The women in the underground prison will not be rescued.

I was awakened at about 5 a.m. by a cannonade. My landlady told me the firing has been going on for an hour. From the window I could see the flash of shells bursting over the south end, with its factories and workers' suburbs. Turned on the radio and heard the first cries of a murdered revolution. "Help us, help us," the radio appealed to the world—in English, in French, in German—"the Soviet Army is destroying Budapest." "Colonel Pal Maleter," it cried, "return to your post at the Defense Ministry." It was only later in the day that we were to learn that this hero of the revolution had been seized as he was negotiating with the Russians the terms of their withdrawal from Hungary. The radio played the national anthem, and then the anguished voices of the announcers again pleaded with the free world to help at once.

The Margit Bridge was held by Soviet tanks, but the Arpad Bridge was free. Near the printing plant I saw the smoking shells of two light tanks. Two boys around twelve years told me these were insurgent tanks, and just a few minutes earlier they had attacked some Soviet heavy tanks. The Russian tanks simply steamrolled the rebels. The kids asked me, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, "Can you get us guns?" At this moment, an automobile stopped at the corner and men in it began handing out hand grenades to the civilians. The boys dashed off to get theirs.

Youngsters ten to fourteen have been the real heroes of the revolution. I heard of three boys who had just set a Soviet tank afire with "Molotov cocktails." They were about to attack another tank, when one of them screamed, "Everybody run, mother's coming." The story may not be true, but I have seen things as remarkable. Once I saw kids spreading "Semtex-seife," a kind of soft soap, on a street. One of them explained that Soviet tanks caught in this gooey trap momentarily lost their grip on the road. "It's just enough time to throw a 'Molotov cocktail' at the exhaust." Where do children learn that the only vulnerable part of a Soviet tank is the grate-like top of the rear ex-

haust? "Aren't you afraid of being shot?" I asked. "No," a kid said calmly. "At this short range, a tank can't get you." And another boy explained, "We learned all this from the Soviet film, *The Young Guards*."

Thus inspired, I went up to the printing plant and asked for a gun. By now all the Tommy guns and pistols were gone, and all I could get was a heavy-gauge, double-barreled shotgun. It was not very handy, but better than nothing.

Walked over to the National Theatre and saw a band of insurgents swinging a heavy Soviet-made anti-tank gun. It was plain that they knew little about it, and I told them some of the things I learned in my service with the artillery. They promptly named me their commander. We grounded the gun for steadiness, checked the range, and carted the ammunition into the theatre. But in checking the ammo I discovered it was anti-personnel and not armor-piercing. We decided our best bet was to fire at the caterpillar chains and try to immobilize the tanks.

Soon a Soviet tank went by. We hit it,



MACLEAN'S

but apparently did no damage. The tank changed its direction, and our next two shells blew the tread off. The crew climbed out, and fled. After that, there was a long wait for the next target. This time it was a column of heavy tanks. We fired at them, but did no harm. They smashed our gun, and we escaped down Rakoczi Street and a side lane.

I soon separated from my crew, and decided to go to Ulloi Street, where the Hungarian Army was still fighting in the ruins of its barracks. On the way, some kids halted me: "Bacsi, kerem—Uncle, please, load our pistols for us!" They knew how to fire, but not how to reload. Ulloi Street was a nightmare. The Soviets here used heavy tanks to batter down their targets and armored cars to pin down the insurgent snipers. Every building was a wreck and the din was almost overpowering. I got into a building from the back, went up to the first floor, and looked down through a large hole at the Soviet tanks dancing a mad dervish dance below. Here, I alternately used my shotgun and my camera, flattening myself against the floor after each shot, and moving from room to room. After my third shot, I decided to check the effect of my fire. I fired at a gunner in an armored car and saw him slump. A moment later, the car blew up; someone must have gotten it with a "Molotov cocktail." As the crew tried to escape, I hit one of them. Somehow, through all of this, I felt absolutely calm and detached, as if all this was happening to someone else, and I was simply observing it.

Eventually I got out of there, and walked back to the printing plant. At the plant they had just run off some leaflets, "Patriots, continue to resist!" I took a large

bundle with me and headed for a suburb. I was in the Varosliget area when I heard the rumble of approaching tanks. I promptly hid behind a fence and got my shotgun ready. Soon a Soviet heavy tank came up, followed by an armored car, with three exposed machine-guns. As the vehicles slowed down at the corner I fired at the top gunner. I saw him turn anxiously and look at the upper stories of an apartment building, while his two companions ducked. This gave me time for another shot. The man fell. The two vehicles raced on.

By now my hands were beginning to tremble. I decided I had had enough. Luckily I had some good friends nearby. I hid my shotgun in a bush, lest I frighten them, and went in. They gave me soup and rice pudding and offered a bed for the night. In the evening the new regime of Janos Kadar, who had deposed Nagy, broadcast a demand for the surrender of all weapons—"or the city will be bombed." This frightened the people in the building enough so that all of them moved into the basement. I stayed in the second-story flat and slept fairly well.

Day Fourteen: Monday, Nov. 5

This is the worst day yet. The Russians are using long-range artillery to destroy the inner city, and the bombardment does not let up for a moment. No one at the house has any bread, and I volunteered to go to a nearby bakery. There must have been five hundred people in line, but the sound of approaching battle dispersed them. I did not have to wait long to get five loaves of bread. On my way back a shell exploded nearby, and I dropped the bread. The loaves were muddy when I brought them in, but I was given a hero's welcome. Spent most of the day reinforcing the basement with stones from a construction site.

Saw Soviet tanks with some Hungarian phrases chalked on them. The Russians could not understand why the Hungarians were cheering them. The inscription said, "We're Russians, and we must urgently go back to Russia." Also saw a poster saying, "Wanted: a Hungarian premier. Qualifications: a criminal record and a Soviet passport. Character and backbone unnecessary."

Day Fifteen: Tuesday, Nov. 6

The battle for Budapest is lost. I tried to get up to the Var—the ancient castle that dominates Buda—along with a badly frightened young woman and an old man. We were halfway up when I heard the whistle of a coming shell and pulled the girl down. The shell exploded nearby. The girl began to shake uncontrollably; the old man lay dead. A shopping bag was still in his hand, but the potatoes it held had spilled all around him.

Day Seventeen: Thursday, Nov. 8

The food is running short. For lunch had tea, two old rolls and two apples. Went out and, for the first time, heard of the deportation of young men by the Russians. By this time the only serious resistance in the city is being offered by workers on Csepel Island. I decided to leave the city and try to join a guerrilla unit in the country. Followed country dirt roads until I reached my native village, Pilisszentivan, and the sight of this lovely countryside, now daubed red and yellow by autumn, has stirred up my hatred for the Russians. This is my land, which these alien invaders now ravage without mercy. The deportations are continuing and I must leave it . . . ★



What you see and how you see

Continued from page 15

found that children from poorer districts and people in primitive societies continue to choose gaudy colors. It's believed that a preference for cool colors accompanies maturity and reasoning power.) By mentally linking up the way things look with the way they feel and taste and move about, the child comes to see that the world is filled not with moving blobs of color, but with objects of definite size and shape and a special significance for him in terms of food, warmth, comfort, amusement and affection.

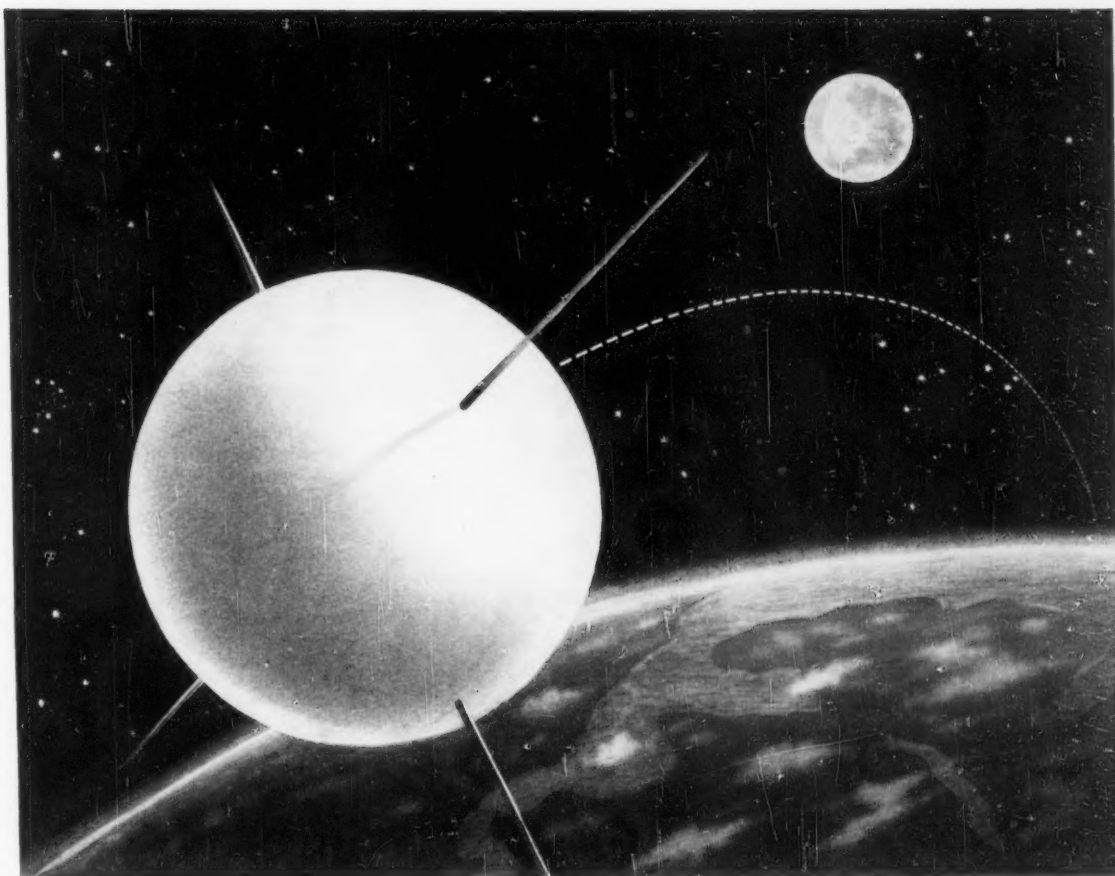
The experience of people cured of congenital blindness shows that full vision is slowly acquired. In 1932 a Leipzig physician, M. von Senden, published a report on sixty-six patients, blinded from birth by cataract, whose sight was restored by operation. Since they had never seen anything, even in dreams, these people were at first bewildered by the sights that seemed to press in on them from all sides. They found it hard to estimate size and touch. When shown objects they were accustomed to handling, they were unable to identify them and sometimes couldn't even see the difference between a pencil and a key. Some took weeks to distinguish between a square and a triangle, and even longer to recognize that two triangles of different colors were the same shape. Like children, some spent years learning to read letters and numbers.

It takes us years to grasp the idea of space. Three-dimensional vision—the brain's ability to fuse the separate images seen by your two eyes into a single picture—is only one of the factors involved in depth perception. If you close one eye, your field of vision is reduced by about twenty-five percent and your ability to see depth is impaired, but you can still estimate distance from experience. While a baby thinks the moon and a ball are equally close to him because they appear the same size, an older person has learned that near objects look bigger than distant ones. When a child of five draws a man walking uphill, he may show the man perpendicular to the slope of the hill—defying gravity—rather than to the horizon line.

Seeing also depends on the sort of person you are. From the vast panorama presented by your eyes—it has been estimated that each eye can send a thousand million impulses per second to the brain—your mind chooses significant details. You can stare at a sign without becoming aware of its message, while on the other hand a fragmentary glimpse of some familiar object can give you the impression that you've seen the whole thing clearly.

"There is plenty of evidence in children's drawings, and in adult errors in perspective drawing, to show that a person looking at an object thinks he sees more of it than he does," Dr. D. O. Hebb, head of the department of psychology at McGill University, points out. "What he knows about the object appears in his drawing, as well as what is visible at the moment."

To some extent the way you see a



Artist's conception of the first man-made satellite, showing how the earth might look from this 300-mile-high vantage point. Honeywell controls will guide this moon into place.

Honeywell helps put another moon in the sky!

Putting another moon in the sky is a job for men with big ideas! Needless to say, Honeywell men have been in the thick of it.

For Honeywell has designed and built a control system that will guide the first man-made moon into the sky and gradually tip it into a final globe-circling orbit some 300 miles above the earth. There, the new moon, travelling at a speed of about 18,000 miles an hour, will circle the earth once every 90 minutes. Instruments in the 21-inch diameter sphere will report to earth by radio on conditions in this rarified atmosphere. The first man-made moon will have an orbit too far south to be seen in Canada. Other satellites, to be launched later in the geophysical year 1957-58, will be visible to Canadians through ordinary binoculars.

Heart of the control system will be three Honeywell gyroscopes which will keep the launching

rockets unerringly on course despite any tendency to swerve caused by air currents, or other disturbances.

The control system for Project Vanguard, as the earth satellite program is called, is the work of Honeywell's Aeronautical and Ordnance Divisions, branches of the company that specialize in the design and development of controls for aircraft, guided missiles and other advanced military uses.

Other divisions of Honeywell are engaged in designing and engineering fine comfort controls for heating and air conditioning in homes and commercial buildings; precision instruments and valves for automatic process control; switches, transistors and other components for the electrical and electronics industries—in all, over 12,000 products.

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A schizophrenic can't believe his eyes. "He sees corners of a room shift and walls close in on him"

thing depends on the meaning it has for you. In experiments by U.S. psychologists ten-year-old children judged that coins were about twenty-five percent larger than valueless cardboard disks, although the disks were actually the same size; the poorer the child, the more he overestimated the size of the coin. Other subjects thought that a piece of cloth cut in the shape of a leaf was greener than an identical piece of cloth shaped like a donkey.

Vision can be affected by psychological reaction, such as hysterical blindness, a curious condition in which a person with healthy eyes is genuinely unable to see. A hysterically blind person is usually faced with problems he can't cope with. His brain provides a temporary and involuntary escape by refusing to handle messages from his eyes, and thereby limits his field of action. Although an ophthalmologist can detect this form of blindness by various tests, such as shining a light in the eyes and finding that the pupils contract—a normal reflex action—it can be treated only by psychotherapy or by the removal of the emotional pressure that caused it. One hysterical woman, for instance, suddenly became blind after she and her husband had lived for some time with his mother, whose interference she resented. When they moved to a house of their own, she began a period of partial recovery with lapses back into blindness, and later regained her sight completely when the older woman died.

In World War II, men exposed to combat sometimes suffered emotionally induced blindness such as tunnel vision,

which cuts out peripheral vision as though one were looking through a tube. For men so battle-shocked that any sight or sudden movement may terrify them, tunnel vision apparently provides protection by reducing the source of alarm.

Lt.-Col. Roy R. Grinker and Major John P. Spiegel, two USAAF officers who studied the psychological effects of combat in a book called *Men Under Stress*, described patients such as a sergeant whose fear of enemy aircraft caused him to see a black spot before his eyes in the shape of a plane, and a young pilot whose depth perception suddenly failed after his best friend was shot down by a German fighter. Under the influence of pentothal, the pilot revealed his fear that he, too, would be killed and complained that his eyes blurred whenever he flew over enemy territory because there seemed so many dangers to watch out for all at once. When he recognized his fear as a natural reaction, his visual troubles disappeared and he returned to flying duty.

They really do see red

Night blindness, another wartime handicap, may be fear-induced or even imaginary. A survey made by a British researcher indicated that ninety percent of his subjects who complained of poor night vision actually had normal night vision. Night blindness is ordinarily caused by a deficiency in vitamin A. Although most of us get plenty of vitamin A—one twenty-fifth of a gram of halibut-liver oil contains a full day's supply—people suffering from hepatitis, hyper-

thyroidism and some other conditions sometimes have to take more of the vitamin. Once your night vision is normal you can't improve it by taking extra vitamin A.

Other forms of mental illness are reflected in vision. To the schizophrenic, who has trouble organizing himself, the angles in a room sometimes shift out of balance so that the walls appear to be closing in. As well as distortions in things he actually sees, he may have bizarre visions. Epileptics also suffer from hallucinations in which things around them grow to gigantic size and move closer and closer.

Red, the most common color in epileptic hallucinations, is apparently linked with emotional disturbance. The epileptic fits of one woman who ordinarily dressed primly in dark colors were usually heralded by a vivid picture of herself with flaming red hair and a red dress, climbing on a red bus to drive down a red street past a red postbox fastened to a red telephone pole.

The more directly hallucinations stem from an organic cause such as alcoholism, the more likely they are to contain realistic, meaningful figures. While a schizophrenic may be haunted by doll-size visions, a man in the throes of delirium tremens is more likely to see people of normal size, probably with some unpleasant meaning for him. Any drinking bout may make him see double because alcohol relaxes the muscles that co-ordinate his eyes.

People who become extremely depressed sometimes find that things around them look dark and dull. They complain

of dim lighting and find it harder to read signs because they see less contrast between the letters and the background. As they recover, everything takes on heightened color and even the sun seems brighter.

Migraine headaches often begin with visual symptoms such as floating black specks surrounded by patches of shimmering vivid color. Fever, drugs, fatigue and hunger can affect your sight in odd ways; the object you're looking at may suddenly shrink and recede from you, coming back into place when you centre your gaze on something else.

Although the brain is the key to seeing, our commonest visual troubles are physiological shortcomings in the eye itself. Short sight, long sight, astigmatism (where vision is distorted by irregularities in the cornea—the transparent coating of the pupil and iris) and aniseikonia (a rare condition in which the two eyes see images of different sizes) are caused by structural defects and are normally corrected with spectacles. Color blindness indicates a flaw in the retina that can't usually be remedied. Crossed eyes are due to lack of muscular and mental co-ordination between the two eyes. Presbyopia, the farsightedness of middle age, is one of the natural degenerative changes that occur as your body grows older.

Of all eye defects, myopia—short sight—is the most familiar and the most controversial. Is it caused by eyestrain, too much reading, inadequate diet or even some psychological difficulty? Can you prevent or cure it by exercise or throwing away your spectacles? Is the comic-

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Septs: To those who followed Drummond, this coat of arms identified their chosen leader. Included were such names as:

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MACCROUTHER
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TIME WILL TELL

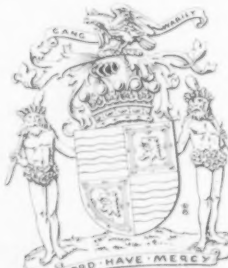
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Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's. People in 91 countries all over the world, who enjoy fine Scotch, drink Grant's. Stand Fast by Grant's!

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long convention that myopic people are bookish fellows based on fact or fancy? All these questions are hotly debated, although most doctors are convinced that myopia is simply an accident of overgrowth that can be corrected only with concave lenses, and probably isn't closely related to personality.

Whether you have long or short sight depends chiefly on the focal length of your eye. According to the curvature of the lens and cornea, and the distance between the lens and the retina, light rays may focus either behind or in front of the retina, and so fail to produce the clear image that results from perfect focus. All babies are born long-sighted, and gradually develop normal sight as their eyeballs grow proportionately longer. While some eyes retain a degree of long sight, others grow too much and develop myopia. This usually begins to appear about the time a child reaches school age, increases in a series of waves through adolescence and levels off when he stops growing. Like extra height or big feet, an overlong eyeball is usually hereditary, and for the myopic child glasses are as necessary as new shoes.

Because the progress of myopia coincides with a child's schooling, people once thought that prolonged close work actually caused short sight. Nowadays eye specialists think it's more likely to be the other way around: the short-sighted child may turn to books because he can handle them more easily than sports. According to Dr. Arnold Gesell of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, markedly myopic children tend to concentrate on close-up activities and often show an early aptitude for talking, reading and memorization.

Can you see blue and yellow?

It has sometimes been suggested that exercising your eyes can cure short sight. While doctors concede that you can train yourself to be more observant, they point out that you can't change the focal length of your eye by relaxation, concentration or exercise. Sir W. Stewart Duke-Elder, whose Text Book of Ophthalmology is considered the final authority, says: "Apart from the optical correction no specific treatment for simple myopia is indicated. The extent to which spectacles are worn, the amount of near work done, peculiarities of diet or the administration of drugs are immaterial, provided that hygienic conditions are good, overstrain is avoided and the general standards of health and development are maintained."

Since no one has fully solved the mystery of how we see color, there's no treatment for the most common form of color blindness, which permanently impairs your ability to see red and green. Like hemophilia, this defect is carried from grandfather to grandson through a mother with normal vision. A rarer kind, affecting blue and yellow vision, is sometimes the result of a disturbance in body chemistry, such as tobacco-alcohol poisoning, and may be only temporary. So few situations call for accurate color vision that many color-blind men aren't aware of their handicap until they are checked for some specialized occupation such as flying.

Not long ago a Toronto optometrist had to tell a seventeen-year-old patient the disappointing news that he had wasted months training for a job he could never fill. Wanting his son to master a technical skill, the boy's father had sent him through a course in electronics. He was on the point of being hired by an electrical company at a higher salary than his father had ever made in his life, when a medical examination revealed unsuspected color-vision defects that ruled him



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out of electronics altogether because he couldn't match complicated wiring diagrams.

Even for people with perfect sight, color is deceptive. Though a child paints things in stark solid colors—a red car, a yellow house—a grown painter learns that shadows and reflections break every surface into dozens of different shades. The apparent color of any object depends partly on the colors of its surroundings and on the colors the eye has seen a moment earlier. For instance, a patch of light with the spectral distribution of noon sunlight looks blue when it's surrounded by yellow, and pink when it's placed on a field of green. In daylight, red and yellow seem the brightest colors of the spectrum, but in dusk blue and green look brighter. Last year a Japanese researcher found that an object looked larger than its real size when it was painted orange, yellow or white, and smaller when painted blue or black—confirming the wisdom of fashion advisers who tell fat women to wear dark dresses.

Unlike color blindness, crossed eyes can usually be cured with corrective lenses, visual training and sometimes surgery—if they're caught early. Since a child who squints is unable to fuse his two eye images, he involuntarily suppresses the weaker eye to avoid seeing double. If this happens during the years when his sight is still developing, up to the age of six or seven, the unused eye and its corresponding brain areas will never learn to see.

Surgery is the only way of treating cataract, a form of blindness that occurs when age, disease, injury or diet deficiency interferes with the nutrition of the lens, causing it gradually to cloud over and

prevent light from reaching the retina. Diabetes, for instance, sometimes causes cataract by throwing out of balance the proportion of blood sugar and protein in the lens and the fluids that surround it. To restore sight, the surgeon removes the clouded lens and its surrounding capsule. Some ophthalmologists use a recently developed operation that replaces the natural lens with a plastic substitute.

A more serious cause of blindness is glaucoma, a hardening of the eyeball that happens when the natural drainage of its interior fluid is interfered with in a way not yet fully understood. Because the pressure that builds up progressively damages the retina and optic nerve, the only defense against glaucoma is early diagnosis and operation or treatment with drugs such as Diamox, a new sulfa derivative that slows down the production of fluid within the eye.

Watching TV can be good

Although severe forms of blindness are comparatively rare, we all suffer some loss of sight as we grow older. After thirty, our pupils shrink, reducing our ability to see in dim light, and the lens and its controlling muscles become less elastic. By fifty, the lens has lost about ninety percent of its power of accommodation, and we find ourselves unable to focus on fine detail at less than arm's length without glasses. At the same time the retina and optic nerve begin to degenerate, the cornea becomes less transparent and the iris fades.

But in children eye care can preserve and improve sight. To develop a child's sight to its fullest you should encourage him to use his eyes in every possible way.

Reading, watching television, educational toys and fast-moving outdoor games all help as long as his eyes get plenty of light and variety and aren't restricted to one kind of use. When he spreads the comic page on the floor and sprawls with his nose a few inches from the paper, he may only be showing that the lens of his eye is in fine shape.

Early tests for distance, depth and muscular co-ordination will pick up defects that should be corrected right away, to help him adjust to school work and social life as well as to protect his eyes. Psychologists say that a child who can't see properly soon loses interest in his work and feels inferior because he can't keep up with his classmates. A cross-eyed child may soon become shy and self-conscious about his appearance.

Your eyes are so sensitive and so closely linked with your whole mind and body that they respond to physical or emotional stress like a barometer. Because fatigue, anxiety, sickness, heavy drinking and poor diet keep them from working properly, the best way to protect them is to keep healthy.

Sight is vital because we live in a visual civilization, where practically all our actions are controlled by our eyes. We use them for everything from watching television to driving at high speeds, and for ceaselessly learning more and more about ourselves and the rest of the world. They provide the key to the written tradition that tells us all we know of the past, and help us to cope with developments that will shape our future. And because everyone looks through his own private window, depending on the workings of his mind, our eyes make each of us a little different from anyone else. ★



The calmest little bombshell on Broadway continued from page 17

"She can't act," said one critic, but her tests were a sensation

England to play Shylock in The Merchant of Venice at Stratford and lingered a few weeks to repeat his most famous role, Othello, at the Crest Theatre. Murray Davis, co-founder of the Crest, chose Diana van der Vlis to play Desdemona opposite Valk, earning himself a round of hearty criticism because Diana was inexperienced in classical theatre.

"She was right for Desdemona," Davis insisted recently. "She had the height, the youth and the beauty." He nevertheless waited nervously for Valk's verdict.

Valk watched her through his heavy brows during the first few rehearsals without comment. Then he drew Davis aside. "Watch that girl," he murmured, "she's going to get in the movies."

Except for the Crest Theatre, which kept Diana steadily employed through the winter of 1955-56, no one appeared to share Valk's opinion. The Globe and Mail's Herbert Whittaker wrote of one of her performances that she was "a lovely, ladylike blonde" and of another that she was "pleasant." Nathan Cohen, pungent critic for the CBC, observed, "She can't act at all, but she's awfully pretty." She got a few parts on CBC radio but was rejected for television. "You're too rare a type to be used frequently," one television producer explained to her.

Last summer, having little to lose in Toronto, she decided to try New York. She had only one contact, an NBC casting director named Martin Begley whom she had met the previous spring when

she had been visiting an American actress friend of hers. She had made the rounds of casting directors with her friend, stopping off at NBC. Begley was charmed immediately and hired her on the spot for a commercial that night on the Red Buttons show. She was returning to Toronto the next day but he urged her to look him up if she ever returned to New York.

Begley, accordingly, was her first call. "Get yourself an agent, first of all," he advised her. "Here is a list of the best."

She stood outside his office and studied the list. An NBC pageboy leaned over her shoulder and helpfully put his finger on one of the names. "Go see Baum-Newborn," he urged. Obediently Diana checked the address and set off.

It was a fortuitous boost from a fate that had not, to that point, been overly benign. Martin Baum and Abe Newborn are the "hottest agents on Broadway," according to the show-business newspaper Variety. Of the some three hundred roles currently being played on Broadway, Baum-Newborn clients fill close to ninety of them. Before Van der Vlis became one of their most celebrated properties, Baum-Newborn were best known as the agents who had the un-inspired idea of putting a bikini bathing suit on Jayne Mansfield.

"The minute Diana walked in the office," the agents later reported, "we knew she had it. At one point, shortly afterward, she had a choice of roles in four plays coming to Broadway."

The agents sent her to Warner Brothers' New York office, where her impact was just as immediate. They did a test of her, and then, in considerable excitement, paid her expenses to Hollywood for a full-scale screen test.

The test ran seven minutes but took six hours to film. A young actor, Dennis Hopper, who had just finished a role in Giant, was assigned to play a scene from a forthcoming movie, Sayonara, opposite Diana. Both reported for make-up at seven in the morning. Accordingly, Diana and Hopper had skipped breakfast; it turned out to be an embarrassing oversight. The first shot was an intimate embrace. As they kissed and regarded one another with mute passion, the mike clearly picked up the rumblings of their empty stomachs. "We did ten takes before we got one with our stomachs simultaneously silent," Diana recalls ruefully.

In spite of this inelegant beginning, the test electrified everyone who saw it. Warners was in the process of changing ownership so, temporarily, there was no one to sign her to a contract. Word of the newcomer's phenomenal test got around and she was offered contracts by other companies, which her agent advised her to turn down. To put in time she did a bit part in a grade B thriller called Black Stockings, delivering four lines while in a state of suspended horror at the tawdriness of the endeavor. She now refuses to tell interviewers even the name of the picture.

Henry Potter, the director originally

assigned to direct *The Happiest Millionaire*, was in Hollywood auditioning young actresses to play the part of Cordelia Drexel Biddle. The role is a curious one because it requires a talent for being a tomboy in the first act, complete with boxing gloves, and a clearly definable blue-blood in the second. Diana read for Potter, one of close to a hundred Hollywood actresses who did. He was impressed.

"Walter Pidgeon is coming to my house for dinner tonight," he told her. "You come too and read for him."

In this odd setting, Diana auditioned again and Pidgeon was delighted. He spent the rest of the evening going over the script with her in mounting enthusiasm.

"This child is unbelievably good," he later told an interviewer. "She's going to be great, simply great. Nothing can stop her."

Diana and her Hollywood agent began toying with new names to replace her own, which they felt too cumbersome for a marquee. Diana was writing her name Vandervlis at the time, according to the simplified way her father had been writing it since his arrival in Canada from Holland. They discussed Diana Vander Bliss, Diana Victor, Diana Vaughn and Diana Dervis. They were wasting their time.

A starlet with a star's pay

"If hunches and long shots intrigue you," Bert McCord of the New York Herald Tribune wrote in his theatre column one afternoon, "take note of a newcomer called Diana van der Vlis . . . (she) may be one of the Cinderellas of the coming Broadway season."

The first reaction was that Diana's future became solidified with her real name, broken down to its original three parts. Next, in New York she walked everywhere on red carpets. A television producer wanted her to star in a series to be filmed in Paris. She turned this down because a Broadway role seemed a firmer beginning. She had a choice of these. She began by reading for *The Happiest Millionaire* again, this time for the newly hired director, Guthrie McClintic. Potter had retired with a previous film commitment. She read before McClintic, who is Katharine Cornell's husband, and the show's producers, Howard Erskine and Joseph Hayes.

"Cordelia Biddle is the toughest role we've ever cast," Erskine said recently. "We knew when we heard Diana that she was perfect but we kept on auditioning other actresses to confirm our decision. In all, we tried about three hundred. Then we started negotiations with Diana's agent."

The producers had a nasty shock. Newcomers to Broadway generally get a minimum salary. Diana's agents pointed out that *this* untried soul was in enormous demand.

"They started by asking a salary Roz Russell wouldn't get," moaned Erskine. "I couldn't tell if they were bluffing about the other offers or not, but I couldn't take the chance. We signed her for the salary of a good experienced performer." (A good guess is \$750 a week.)

At the same time, Diana signed to make three movies for an independent company headed by David Susskind. She will be paid \$25,000 for the first movie, \$35,000 for the second and \$50,000 for the third.

"They speak of me having an 'overnight success,'" Diana has complained, mildly. "I wasn't discovered in a soda fountain or anything like that. I worked and studied for years."

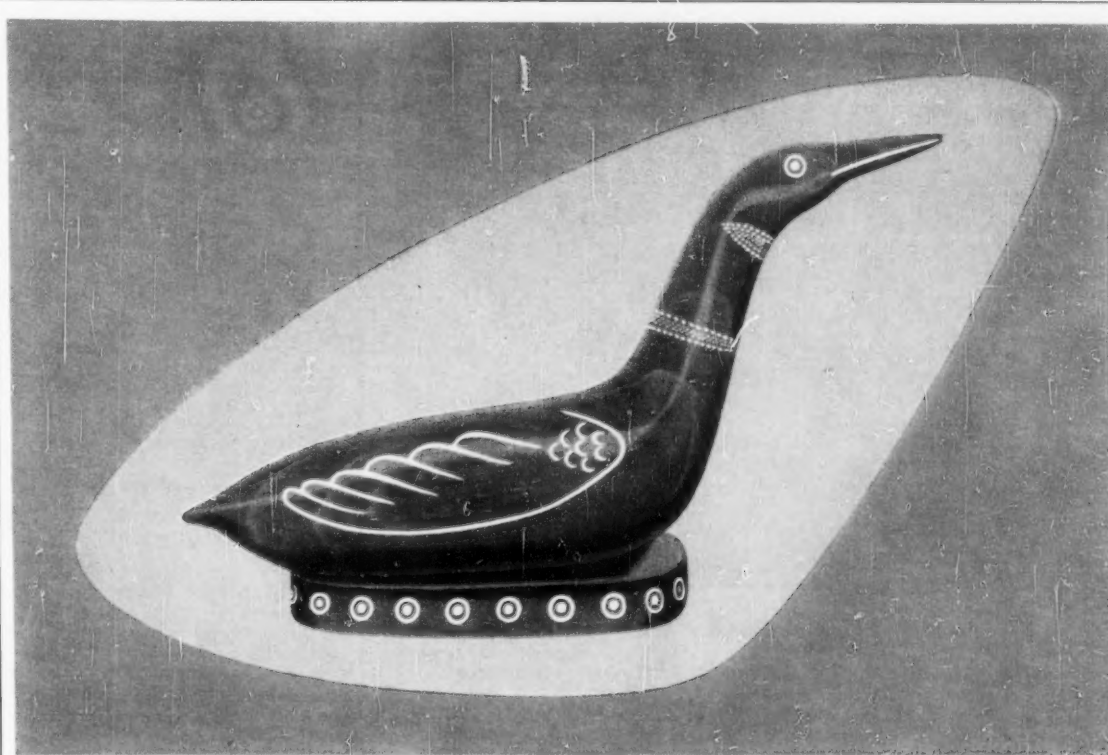
Considering her youth, Diana has condensed a remarkable amount of studying and working. She is one of two daughters born in Toronto to Hollander Adrian Vandervlis and his Scottish wife. When she was in public school, the family moved to Vancouver for a year and then to Winnipeg, where her father was a department-store executive. Her older sister Sylvia joined the Royal Winnipeg Ballet but Diana concentrated on acting. She started with high-school plays and when she was sixteen won a rose bowl in an acting competition sponsored by

the Manitoba Drama League. This led to the award of a scholarship at the Banff School of Fine Arts that summer. She won another to the same school the following summer and then won a third scholarship. She didn't use this one because she had gone with her mother to New York to audition for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, a London, England, acting school with an international reputation and high standards for entrance. Diana, then nineteen, was one of ten hopefuls chosen from the two hundred who auditioned and that sum-

mer she sailed for England to study.

Rada, as the school is called, taught Diana diction, voice production, breath control and movement. Its teachers, who are fiercely devoted to imposing a cultivated English accent on each of their charges, had no difficulty with Diana. She adapted to British enunciation the moment she unpacked her suitcases.

This flair for absorbing inflections has given a weird effect to her speech. Currently Diana speaks with such a mixture of New York, London and Toronto accents that she bewilders not only lin-



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guists but her own cohorts. Fellow workers assumed, throughout the rehearsals of *The Happiest Millionaire*, that Diana was speaking with a Canadian accent. They pinned her in a corner after the play opened in Toronto.

"Diana," one of the actors told her grimly. "I've been talking to these Canadians. None of them say 'yahcht' the way you do. They say 'yawcht,' the way we do. How do you explain this?"

"I can't help it," wailed Diana. "I spent a winter in England!"

Luckily for Diana's health, she spent only one winter in England. She is afflicted with a chronic asthma which became so severe in London that she was warned she was in danger of losing her voice. She returned to Toronto, where her parents had moved, in such an exhausted state she could do little but sleep and rest for six months.

When she had recovered, she turned up one afternoon at the Crest Theatre where auditions for the final play of the 1954-55 season, *Hay Fever*, were in progress. Murray Davis has remarked since that hers was the most memorable audition of his experience.

"The other girls were reading for this part and some did it cleverly and some did it badly, but all were a little tense. I wanted to give Diana, since she was a stranger, all the encouragement I could so I said, 'Just make yourself comfortable on stage, it's only an audition.'"

Diana took him literally. She read a few lines, looked around and then plopped herself down on a nearby couch. Continuing to read, she put up her feet and leaned back. At one point she said, "Wheeeee!"

Stages don't scare Diana

She got the part and was hired to join the Davis' summer stock company at two Ontario vacation spots, Gravenhurst and Port Carling. The following season she became a Crest Theatre regular, opening with *Othello*. Seven plays later, she went to New York to launch her own version of the pumpkin-into-golden-coach story. Just as she had casually gone through her first reading for Davis, she was quite undisturbed by the prospect of Broadway.

Diana has never suffered from stage fright in her life, which accounts in part for the stunning impact she makes during auditions, ordeals that have strangled very experienced actors. The night *The Happiest Millionaire* opened on Broadway, Diana was astonished to observe that several of the cast were so nervous they were sick. She is a great admirer of the attitude toward acting typified by a remark actor David Wayne once made to *The Happiest Millionaire* cast. "I just go out on that stage every night," he told them with a grin, "and shoot pool."

Diana's composure, a calmness in such depth that she never seems unsure, is the only personality trait a stranger encounters. She is charming and polite to people she doesn't know well, but watchfully withdrawn. With friends she shows a zany humor, however, and on stage she exhibits unexpected warmth.

However real Diana's composure may be, it eases visibly when she enters the stage door of the Lyceum. She usually arrives about an hour before curtain time and collects her mail from the stage-door man. Her dressing room is a flimsy temporary box of canvas only a few feet from the stage. This is, in part, a concession to the quick costume changes she is required to make but mostly for casualty insurance. Diana has a truly spectacular knack of falling up and down stairs. Her shins are bruised much of the time and once, while doing summer stock,

she performed with a wide gaping cut in her leg and blood soaking in her shoe.

While Diana changes into the first costume she must wear, black tights and a shapeless blue sweater, an animal trainer arrives with two of the performers—live alligators. He begins taping the jaws of the smaller one, which Diana must pick up and carry around the stage in the first act. A stagehand watches fascinated.

"He's laughing tonight," he ventures.

The trainer looks up pompously. "Oh yes, he's happy. I've yet to see an alligator that wasn't happy."

Beyond the curtain that separates the stage set from the bustle of the arriving audience, the overture begins. Diana comes out of her dressing room and chats with a visitor, a handsomely dressed woman who commiserates with her on the number of times the play was rewritten before its Broadway opening.

"It's wonderful doing it now," laughs Diana, "but it was wild for a while. We had a whole new third act to learn overnight, you know. Lines were coming out and going in until we couldn't remember for sure what we were supposed to do."

Throughout the running of the play, which takes better than two hours, the area in front of Diana's dressing room is furiously busy. Alligators come and go, trays of wax hors d'oeuvres are carried to the wings by the prop man and handed to the actress-maid, a prop door slams repeatedly. Diana rushes off, unfastening her costume, and hurries into her dressing room.

"The audience sounds nice out there, don't they," comments an actress agreeably, as she settles her costume over her hips.

Diana emerges in a pink party dress, her long blond hair bound back with flowers. George Grizzard, who plays her fiancé in the play, stands beside her in the wings and kisses her gently. Grizzard and Diana are together a good deal, holding one another in tender affection so obviously that they have won themselves a mention in New York gossip columns. Grizzard makes his entrance first and Diana watches him fondly, waiting for her cue. When she goes on stage her place in the wing is taken by Walter Pidgeon, being helped into his jacket by a valet. "They're laughing tonight," he comments.

When the curtain calls are finished, Diana removes her make-up. Offstage, she is indifferent about her appearance. She fastens her hair in a knot at the back of her head, wears no make-up but a pale-pink lipstick and favors loose sweaters, slender skirts and tent-like overcoats. To this, she sometimes adds a scarf over her hair, black stockings and flat shoes. She has observed frequently that the money she makes is of little interest to her, since she always spends whatever amount she happens to have. Currently, she is on a budget in order to build a savings account with which to furnish an apartment.

She leaves the stage door with Grizzard and they start up Broadway toward their favorite restaurant. When she wears her flat shoes, Grizzard is slightly taller than her five foot seven. If she forgets and wears high heels, he walks beside her, on his tiptoes, with an expression of weary dignity. Diana holds his hand and giggles.

Going down Broadway together, they walk slowly and stare at the lights. "Wonderful city," Diana murmurs. "Wonderful, wonderful." Plainly dressed and shiny-faced, she looks up and adores the palace around her. And why not? This year, Diana van der Vlis is Cinderella. ★



Should they let "Mom" Whyte keep her children? continued from page 11

Who could carry on for Mrs. Whyte? "Christ will provide workers to take over," she says

of care." Besides various kinds of special institutions and services, Ontario has fifty-five Children's Aid Societies with a total staff of almost one thousand. (Mrs. Whyte: "We have children who have been withdrawn by their parents from the CAS. I want to operate a haven that's like a home—private and personal. As for social workers, how can you teach someone to help other people? You have to have the instinct for it.")

Stuart Ryan QC, solicitor for Northumberland and Durham counties in which the haven is located, is worried about its continued existence. He recently told Mrs. Whyte, "There's no assurance of permanence. The success of your home depends on your personality. People like you aren't found everywhere; a successor would not easily be found. Then what would happen to the children?" Mrs. Whyte replied, "It's not my personality that runs the home—it's the personality of Jesus Christ. He will provide workers to take over if anything should happen to me."

It is also Ryan who has repeatedly pointed out the possible serious consequences of Mrs. Whyte's failure to keep proper records of children coming into her care. People bringing children to the haven aren't required to produce any form of documentation or to establish their own identity or that of the children. Anyone can dump a child at the Whyte farm and vanish. Two of Mrs. Whyte's wards don't know who they are, and this can be a serious matter in a society that requires a birth certificate to establish one's right to such things as citizenship, domicile, pensions, family allowances and travel visas.

"It's one thing to say you're taking a child in for Christian charity," says Ryan. "But it's another thing to deprive that child of its identity, legal status and rights." (Mrs. Whyte comments: "The people who come to us are desperate. We don't have time to ask them for details just then, so delays often occur in putting down all the details in our record book. But we do keep records. They're not fancy, but adequate.")

Dr. Charlotte Horner, health officer for the Northumberland and Durham counties, has repeatedly charged that the health of Mrs. Whyte's children is not being properly safeguarded. Neither staff members nor children are given a physical examination before being admitted. Recently, two children were accepted whose mother had been sent to a sanitarium with tuberculosis. It was only at the insistence of the health unit that the youngsters were given complete chest X rays after their arrival. The danger of an epidemic is multiplied by the fact that the haven is always overcrowded; Mrs. Whyte takes children faster than they can be accommodated properly.

There are no isolation facilities. "I dread to think what would happen if someone came down with whooping cough," says Dr. Horner. Whooping cough is highly contagious and has a high mortality rate among young children. (There are about twenty-five Whyte children under the age of three.) At the Whyte haven there are no regular medical checkups, no regular nurse on duty, no complete immunization records. Again, a real fire hazard exists, according to officials. The haven is short of water and three miles from the near-

est volunteer fire brigade.

There are also no regular dental services. "They cost too much and no local dentist has volunteered his services," says Mrs. Whyte. According to a member of the haven staff, when a child complains

of a toothache Mrs. Whyte prays over him. (Mrs. Whyte: "Our health record here is good. We've had no broken limbs. The only epidemic we've had is chicken pox. We've only had children to hospital twice. We don't like the public-health

nurse popping in here — she causes trouble.")

There has been one death at the Whyte haven. On Aug. 5, 1956, Angelo Olympiu, the six-months-old daughter of a deserted mother, died, according to the ver-

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AUTOMATION FOR CANADIAN BUSINESS

dict of a coroner's jury, "accidentally, due to asphyxiation brought on by food lodged in her windpipe and lungs." The jury made some pointed recommendations to Mrs. Whyte: a registered nurse should be in attendance at all times; the children should receive regular medical checkups; the haven should come under closer supervision of the health unit. Mrs. Whyte describes the Olympiu death as "an act of God." None of the jury's recommendations has been implemented.

While congratulating Mrs. Whyte for her selfless efforts, child-welfare authorities have consistently criticized her approach to the problem of caring for children. The views of James A. McIsaac, president of the Ontario Association of Institutions for Children and Youth, are typical: "Children under four must have the love and security of a foster home. It's utterly impossible for one set of parents to look after twenty, thirty or forty children." Furthermore, says McIsaac, there must be a plan for every child so he won't remain indefinitely in an institution. But in the first place vigorous efforts should be made to keep the family together. If "a reunion is not possible a permanent home must be found either in a foster home or an adoption home. If no such plan is made, babies can languish indefinitely in an institution, denied the warmth and love only parents can give." (Mrs. Whyte: "I can be a mother to all my children. We do what we can to reunite families. We promise parents that we'll keep their children until they call for them. We intend to honor this pledge even if the parents never show up and the children are left permanently with us.")

There are differences about the religious upbringing of the children. Child-welfare authorities hold that a youngster placed outside his home has the right to be reared and instructed in the faith of his parents. The children at the haven come from Protestant, Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox homes, but Margaret Hancock, director of the Oshawa CAS, observes, "Mrs. Whyte is giving them all her own religion." This is a nondenominational faith based on a personal and literal interpretation of the Bible. (Mrs. Whyte: "We hope we've taught our children well enough so that they won't want to have a denomination. We hope that our religious training stays with them and that everyone will make a career of serving the Lord. Perhaps some will start a haven such as we have here.")

I recently made several visits to the Whyte farm. It is on the north side of the superhighway that runs west to Toronto, and motorists can easily identify it by the hundreds of diapers and other clothing on endless stretches of clothesline. The haven consists of a hundred-year-old stone house, three recently built adjoining dormitories, and a barn. I found Mrs. Whyte in the basement of one of the dormitories, which serves as a kitchen-dining room, preparing the noon meal of spaghetti and red Jell-O. She was wondering if there would be enough Jell-O to go around. "Perhaps we should stretch it out by putting some fruit in," she said to Mrs. Sharon Rogerson, one of her assistants. Like the other four women who work at the haven full-time without pay, Mrs. Rogerson reveres Mrs. Whyte.

Mrs. Whyte is five and a half feet tall, weighs about a hundred and thirty pounds, has dark-brown hair with a few streaks of grey. Her face bespeaks strength, with its high forehead and piercing eyes. She talks emphatically and smiles and laughs frequently. All in all, she has an engaging and charming personality. After a recent TV appearance,

one newspaper critic called her a "show stopper." One of her severest critics, county solicitor Stuart Ryan, has described her as possessing "a hypnotic personality that enables her to cast a spell over people."

Without such an extraordinary personality it would be impossible for Mrs. Whyte to keep a family of eighty children well fed. "My husband Bert makes sixty dollars a week," she told me, "and every payday we go to the wholesale grocery and spend it all on food. We get further reductions by buying damaged goods. Often the wholesaler gives us a huge carton of odds and ends that he can't sell in small lots. We make our own baby foods in our emulsifier. I put up hundreds of tins and jars of jams, fruits and vegetables—much of which we grow on the farm. We keep cows, which give us some of our own milk. We also keep chickens, so that gives us eggs and meat. But we still have to buy a lot of stuff. We use a hundred and fifty loaves of bread a week; we get dozens of quarts of milk from the dairy; we use a seventy-five-pound sack of potatoes every four days; and an eighty-pound bunch of bananas lasts for two meals. This is supplemented by gift offerings of food."

With the noon meal well under way in the dining room, Mrs. Whyte gave a few instructions to Mrs. Rogerson and walked the seventy-five yards to the stone house. In an enclosed yard adjoining it, some twenty preschool youngsters were playing. A broken swing was the only equipment. Another twenty-three children were in the classroom in the basement of one of the dormitories. Two women, both voluntary helpers, were hanging a huge pile of wet clothes on the line. Another

helper, Frank (Pop) Miller, who is seventy-one, was puttering with a wheelbarrow.

Mrs. Whyte entered the living room. It was well furnished with a grey rug, two chesterfields, three easy chairs and a piano. In the kitchen Mrs. Reta McLean was washing a basin of baby bottles. There were infants everywhere. A room off the kitchen contained ten cribs; there was a similar number in another room off the living room. Upstairs, two small bedrooms each contained six cribs. Physically, the children appeared to be clean and healthy. The house itself was spotless.

One of the features of the house is its religious decorations. In the living room a portrait of Christ in a gilt frame occupies a prominent place. The walls are adorned with plaques bearing religious quotations. On a blackboard were chalked the words, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

These words apply to Mrs. Whyte, who is always eager to discuss her faith. At a recent meeting in Oshawa that she attended, the movie projector broke down and the program had to be abandoned. The chairman asked Mrs. Whyte if she would fill in by saying a few words. "Don't tie me down," she replied. "I find it hard to talk about God's work in a few words." She then spoke effortlessly for thirty minutes. Mrs. Whyte displayed the same fluency and religious zeal in telling me the story of her work.

She and her farmer-husband had moved from rural Saskatchewan with their own five children and settled near Bowmanville in 1944. Some years earlier, they had both "committed their lives to God." In Bowmanville Mrs. Whyte was

an active member of the Pentecostal church, but she was dissatisfied. "I felt the church was not reaching people. It was too impersonal. It was like going to a banquet and coming away with the feeling that you haven't eaten."

It wasn't until 1948, Mrs. Whyte says, that God showed her the path He had chosen for her. An unemployed man and his wife asked her to take care of their children for two or three weeks while they established themselves. As it turned out, the entire family stayed for three months without paying. Later, Mrs. Whyte repeated the service for another family.

To help renovate the farmhouse, Mrs. Whyte scrubbed floors in Bowmanville. "Everything I ever got in my life I got on my knees—scrubbing and praying," she says. When the farmhouse was fixed up, the Whytes dedicated their home as "a haven to anybody in need." She advertised, offering her home to children whose parents couldn't care for them. The news spread until, in 1955, she had twenty-three children. "God led them to this home," she says.

Mrs. Whyte's helpers are motivated by the same religious zeal. Reta McLean worked in an Oshawa lock factory to support her three children after she separated from her husband. She found her life futile and unhappy. Searching for a faith, in turn she became a Baptist, Anglican, United Church member and a Witness of Jehovah. When she visited the haven to enquire about placing her children, she says, "I found all the things that were missing from the other religions. Mrs. Whyte's beliefs are different from anybody else's. She lives for others, not herself."

Mrs. McLean moved into the haven with her three children and, for the past year and a half, has been Mrs. Whyte's lieutenant. She works in the nursery daily from six a.m. until midnight, making formulas, scrubbing babies, washing and ironing. "But I have more contentment here than I've ever had in my life. God is here. Mrs. Whyte has helped me straighten out my own life. Perhaps my marriage wouldn't have failed had I been the person I am now."

According to Mrs. McLean, God has a plan for everyone but you have to make an effort to find out what that plan is. That's one of the reasons, she explains, that radios, TV sets, record players and newspapers are not to be found in the haven. "You are supposed to have your mind on the Lord all the time."

Sharon Rogerson, who is twenty-five, traveled a much longer route to get to Bowmanville. She had been working in a bank in Miles City, Montana, as an IBM operator to support her four-year-old daughter. Religious differences had led to a separation from her husband. Reading a religious paper late one night, she learned of Mrs. Whyte's haven. "Right then and there I wrote her a letter," she says. "God made me do it." Now she lives at the haven with her daughter.

Mrs. Whyte's other helpers are Katie Bearinger, a husky woman of twenty-eight, with jet-black hair. A former Mennonite who was brought up near Kitchener, she finds satisfaction working at the haven because "Mrs. Whyte builds me up spiritually." Pop Miller, who comes from Toronto, settled with the Whytes because he wasn't happy living with relatives. Mrs. Whyte's other two helpers are a twenty-year-old girl from northern Ontario and an unmarried pregnant girl who'll stay until after her child is born.

As Mrs. Whyte helped Mrs. McLean wash bottles I asked her how many children she now had. "I don't know," she replied, "I'd have to count them first."

My most memorable meal: No. 14

Roderick Haig-Brown

recalls

Trout fillets in Chile

I remember a meal of fresh muskels and roast hare with splendid nameless wines at a tiny French village called Cap au Pin, somewhere along the road between Bordeaux and Angoulême. In a good restaurant, the meal might not have been such a memorable one; from a tiny roadside estaminet, it was.

I remember saddle steaks of cougar, eaten because we had nothing else, but astonishingly good white meat, more delicate than veal. And liver of yearling bear, again because we had nothing else, hastily cooked at dusk by a campfire four thousand feet up in the Pacific coast mountains. It was so tender that it broke as we turned it in the frying pan.

I have long remembered fishing suppers in Dorset—flaky bread, golden Jersey butter, Blue Vinny cheese, with draught ale, tomatoes, lettuce and fresh fruit.

But if it must be just one meal,

let me remember my first Chilean fishing lunch. A grassy glade under the shade of white-blooming ulmo and roble trees, the river rushing by beyond a blazing fuchsia bush, boats beached in the eddy. Utter idleness while the boatmen light a hardwood fire, set the wine to cool in the river, fillet the small trout especially kept in the morning's catch. Then the meal. Trout fillets swimming in black butter, salad of tomato and cucumber and hot green peppers; barbecued lamb, eaten in the fingers, potatoes baked in the hardwood embers, a full bottle of Chilean wine; then huge peaches, coffee and a sip of aguardiente to induce sleep. It was, said the boatmen, "the bad hour," at least until three o'clock. With five or ten kilometres of new river ahead, lapwing and ibis calling and the scarlet Chilean bellflower blooming on its vines overhead, I thought it a good—and memorable—hour.

MR. HAIG-BROWN IS A B.C. WRITER, SPORTSMAN AND MAGISTRATE.



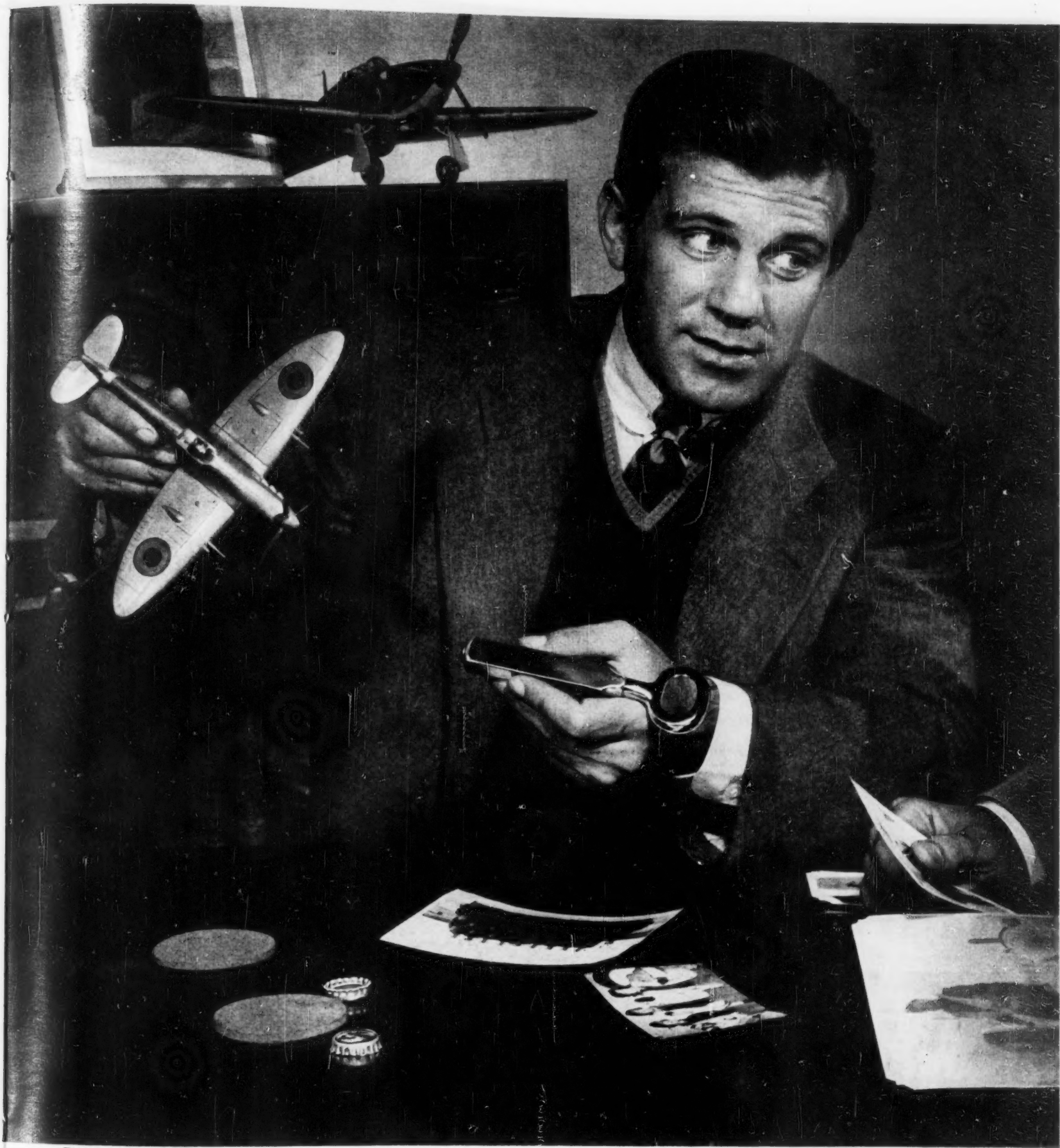


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"Men today are sissies," says Mrs. Whyte. "Women have made them sissies"

I asked the same question of various staff members on three different visits to the haven and I was always given a different figure. My own count revealed eighty. I asked to see the record book. "You're as bad as old Doc Horner (Charlotte Horner)," said Mrs. Whyte. "I don't think I know where it is." After some searching, she produced a green notebook from a kitchen cupboard. This contained columns for the names, dates of arrival and dates of birth of the children and for the names and addresses of the parents. It covered the period from February 1955 to November 1956. There were fifty-six entries. Here, Mrs. Whyte explained, she'd only listed children over three. She had another book for the infants.

The records were not very complete. The addresses of some parents were given as "unknown." Others gave city addresses c/o General Delivery, or care of a friend. Street numbers were sometimes omitted. The order in which the entries were made was confusing. Six successive entries in 1955 read as follows: May 20, October 31, February 20, August 30, December 2, June 23. Although Mrs. Whyte had previously told me that some children remain with her for only a few months, there was no record of any child having been withdrawn from the haven.

Two of Mom Whyte's children appear to have lost their identity. Reta McLean told me about them. One, Ruthie, was brought to the haven when she was a few months old by a woman who claimed to be her mother. The woman said she was in a hurry and promised she'd be back the next day. She never returned. Nothing is known about the infant except her first name. Another woman delivered a year-and-a-half-old boy and gave Mrs. Whyte the child's birth date and name as well as her own name and address. As is her practice, Mrs. Whyte didn't ask for proof. Later, when family-allowance officials searched birth records, they couldn't find the birth of the child registered. Obviously, the woman had given a false name. Arranging legal adoptions for such children could end in tragedy since the real parents might turn up some day and want their children back.

Mrs. Whyte forthrightly defends her policy of accepting all children with no questions asked. "Is it better for a child to be drowned or abandoned in a railway station than to be brought here?" she asks. "If a mother or a father hasn't enough love to keep a child then that child will be abandoned whether our place exists or not."

After looking over the records, I went back to the dining room for lunch. The children lined up to wash at a basin of water. Because of a poor supply, the same water was used over and over again. The children were orderly and well behaved and the older girls made themselves useful as helpers. The meal consisted of bread and butter, soup and fresh apples for dessert. Before eating, the children said a prayer. The next day lunch was more substantial and consisted of chicken, two vegetables and canned plums for dessert.

I sat at the adults' table at the end of the hall. Here I met Mrs. Whyte's husband, a wiry, blue-eyed man whose face and neck are reddened by wind and sun. He still talks with the twang of a man who's spent most of his life on the prairies. Besides putting in a stint of forty hours a week at a local rubber factory, Bert Whyte spends about six

hours a day working around the haven. "I enjoy this life because we're living by the Scriptures," he told me. "It's not a sacrifice if you enjoy it." He told me that they lived hand-to-mouth, but somehow were always provided for. "A gas furnace was given to us by a Winnipeg firm, so I engaged a local firm to install it for four hundred dollars. I didn't have a cent at the time. Today a cheque arrived for \$355. That kind of thing is always happening."

Whyte said his wife is so busy he sometimes doesn't get a chance to talk to her for two or three days at a time. And he doesn't get much personal attention. "Haven't had a pair of matching socks for weeks," he said. Three of the Whyte's five children (the five are between the ages of eight and twenty-two) are living at home. Lloyd, fifteen, joined us at the table and told me that if he wanted to tell his mother anything he had to talk on the run.

Mrs. Whyte sat down to eat only after seeing that all the children were settled. I asked about the background of some of them. One youngster, she told me, had lived for months practically by himself, shut up in a small room while his mother

Mrs. Whyte's meal was interrupted by a telephone call. Somebody phoned to tell her that the mother of three of her children was going to consult a lawyer about getting the youngsters back. Mrs. Whyte later explained that the mother was not fit to have her children: she was an alcoholic and had deserted them on six previous occasions. Yet there was nothing she could do legally to retain custody of the youngsters. "I'll pray for them," she said. (Under Children's Aid Society regulations, a child who has been legally made a temporary ward can't be returned to his parents until a court rules the parents qualified to resume care of him.)

Mrs. Whyte returned to the table to explain why she was being called on to take care of so many children. "There are more broken homes than ever before and most of it can be blamed on modern women. Most women today are taught to be career girls, not mothers as God intended them to be. No married woman should work outside her home." Women are discontented because what with electrical appliances and canned and frozen foods they haven't got enough to do. "They start playing bridge and pretty soon, to add excitement, they play for money and have cocktails. When they find out they're going to have a baby they growl about it. No woman should practice birth control," she added. And men? "Men today are sissies because women have made them sissies."

Mrs. Whyte also deplored present-day conformity. She refuses to follow the current fashion in hairdressing and clothes. "And I'm the same about religion," she said. "I choose to be an individual. We are not meant to be like cattle or sheep."

After lunch Mrs. Whyte excused herself because she had an errand in Oshawa. I wandered over to the basement of the adjoining dormitory where Ingrid Carlson, a slim attractive girl of twenty-five, was conducting her one-room school. There are twenty-three pupils in her class, in grades one to five. The school was organized this fall as the result of criticism that many of the Whyte children were not receiving an education. Mrs. Whyte couldn't use the local schools because the parents of the children were not local residents—a requirement for admission. Last year some of the children were transported daily to Oshawa to attend a private school conducted by the Seventh-Day Adventists, but that wasn't satisfactory — instruction for twenty or more children cost too much.

A solution presented itself when Miss Carlson, a qualified teacher with six years' experience, volunteered her services. She had temporarily interrupted her teaching career near Kirkland Lake, Ont., to go to a Bible college. "Teaching was never enough for me," she says. "I also wanted missionary work. It's such a thrill teaching children to know Christ." She had heard of Mrs. Whyte. Then one day late last summer, while motoring from Toronto to Sudbury, she missed a turn on the highway and, when forty-five miles off her course, found herself at Mrs. Whyte's doorstep. "God led me here," she believes.

After school the children romped around the farm, and Mrs. Whyte returned from Oshawa. "We let them run off their energy outside; that's why they're so well behaved inside," she said. She claims to have few problems in discipline. "They say I can't be a mother to them all, but I can. I know each of my children as individuals. I know exactly

Time lag

Clock punchers who are minutes late
Get Hades, but they have to wait
Until the boss comes in about
Ten-thirty for their bawling out.

P. J. BLACKWELL

went away to drink: "No wonder he couldn't talk when he came here. He's doing nicely now."

Another child, three years old, was badly burned in a fire and sent to hospital. His father was overseas with the army. A few days before he was to return from hospital, his mother deserted him. He left hospital with his hair permanently burned off and no home to go to. Mrs. Whyte took him in at the request of the father who had been brought home.

Another guest was a thin, mentally retarded eleven-year-old, badly crippled by polio. "When he came to us he could hardly walk or talk and just wanted to stay in bed all day," said Mrs. Whyte. "Look at him now. He can carry on a simple conversation and he can sometimes walk straight. The other children are kind to him."

Mrs. Whyte is strongly opposed to putting mentally retarded children into institutions. "Put them with their own kind and they stay the same. In a place like ours the brighter children help them move ahead."

The children themselves told me something about the hardships they had suffered in their own homes. A fair-haired boy of ten told me of his last few days at home: "I woke up and went into the next room and found Daddy in bed with another lady. I asked him 'Where's Mom?' He told me she had run away and that he couldn't take care of us any more. Four days later we were taken to Mrs. Whyte."

An eight-year-old girl said, "We get better food here than we did at home because my father was in jail and my mother and me were all alone." A five-year-old recalled, "My father and mother would fight and then one night I remember my mother was all cut here (indicating his chest) and the police came."

how to discipline them. Some need a paddling, but for others going to bed without dessert or a meal is better." To keep the children busy Mrs. Whyte organizes wiener roasts and swimming and baseball games in the summer and skating and hockey in the winter.

After supper the children amused themselves as best they could. A good supply of books was lacking. At bedtime each child said prayers. "We never teach the children to pray," says Mrs. Whyte. "They make up their own prayers and speak to God as if in conversation." Most of the children ask God to bless Mom and Pop Whyte, and thank Him for the gas furnace or oil supply or whatever the most recent blessings have been. Every child is kissed by Mrs. Whyte before going to bed. "We pick up our children and cuddle and kiss them as much as possible," she says.

Convinced that she's following God's plan and providing a loving home for homeless children, Mrs. Whyte is sometimes puzzled and hurt by criticism against her. Her real difficulties with officialdom began in 1955 when she had twenty-three children. Because she accepted no fees Mrs. Whyte didn't have to meet standards set by the Ontario Department of Public Welfare. But she was subject to certain regulations in the Public Health Act pertaining to overcrowding. Dr. Charlotte Horner warned her that packing so many people in one house was unhealthy as well as dangerous. Stuart Ryan, the county solicitor, says, "I was obsessed with the fear of fire." In the fall of 1955 the situation at the haven was temporarily eased when a private citizen collected five thousand dollars for materials for a new dormitory, and union members at the General Motors plant in Oshawa built it.

But by the spring of 1956 Mrs. Whyte's brood had grown to fifty and she was in financial trouble. A possible solution was to register her haven under the Ontario Charitable Institutions Act and thus become eligible for assistance. Accordingly, she instructed her firm of Oshawa lawyers, McGibbon and Bastedo, to apply to the Ontario welfare department. As a result her premises were inspected by department officials on various occasions. They didn't like what they saw and their reports described the ways in which Mrs. Whyte's haven failed to meet provincial standards: "Serious overcrowding . . . staff too limited . . . serious hazards of fire . . . no nurse employed . . . inadequate recreation . . . no isolation facilities . . . no library . . . Mrs. Whyte does not possess the necessary experience or training."

By July, Mrs. Whyte's distaste for officialdom led her to a change of heart. An Ontario government official who visited her at that time reported that "Mrs. Whyte does not wish to come under the Charitable Institutions Act due to the fact that certain supervision and standards would be insisted on. She does not wish any outside interference." It was at this time, too, that the Mom Whyte affair was lifted out of the legal sphere to be fought out before public opinion. Sympathetic stories about her blossomed in newspapers, radio and television. Gifts flooded into the haven and, as a result, Mrs. Whyte was more determined than ever to run her own show.

It was an Oshawa reporter, Farley Faulkner, who was chiefly responsible for Mrs. Whyte's rise to national and international prominence. Faulkner, now in his forties and known as an aggressive public-relations man, did more than write stories about Mrs. Whyte for his newspaper. In August 1956 he went to see Keith Ross, secretary-treasurer of the Oshawa District Labor Council, and

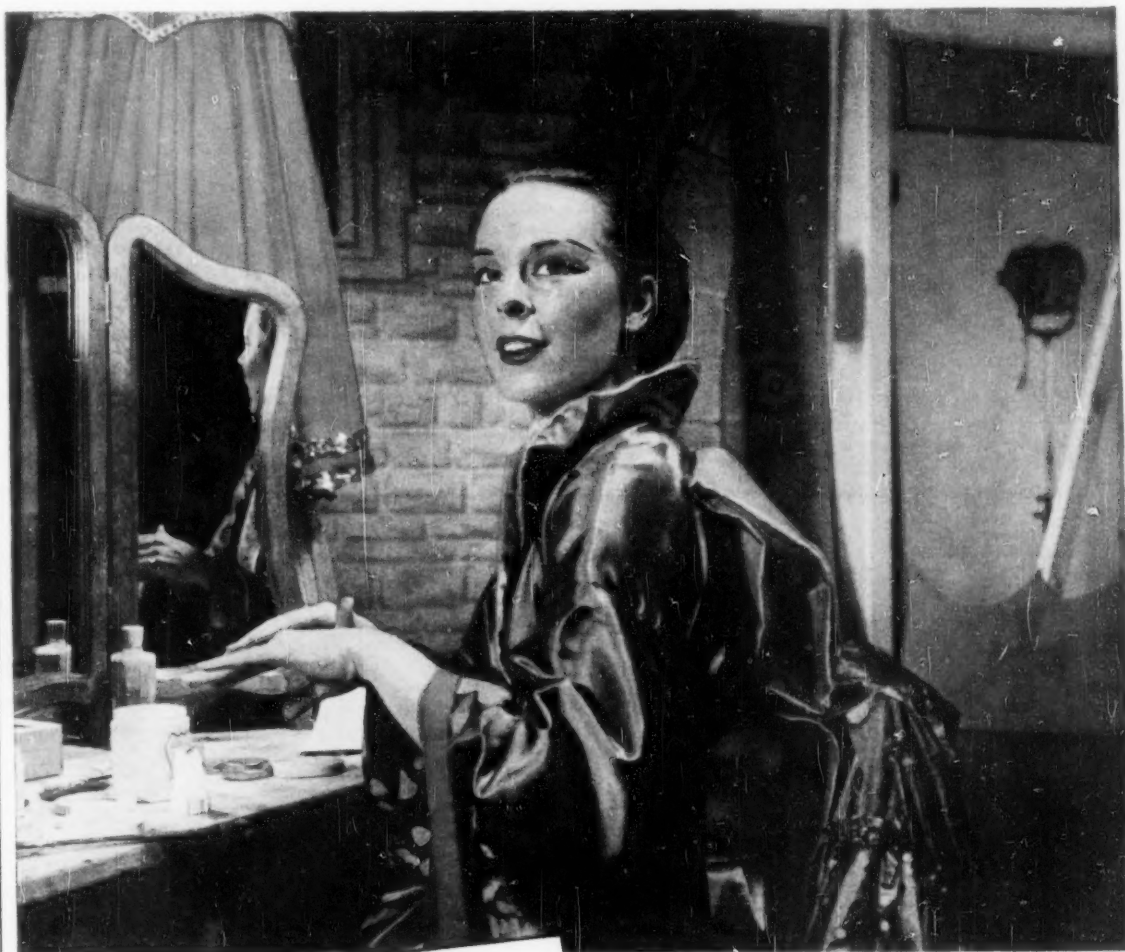
explained, correctly, that some of Mrs. Whyte's children might be removed unless she could provide larger accommodation. He gave Ross a glowing account of Mrs. Whyte's work. As a result, the "Mom" Whyte Fund was established. The committee in charge was made up of ten members—five union members and five prominent Oshawa citizens. Some six thousand dollars was raised for materials, the labor was contributed by union members and the dormitory was completed. Mrs. Whyte was allowed to keep her children.

Faulkner has recently left his Oshawa newspaper job and now, apparently, spends a good deal of his time publicizing the Whyte haven. It was he who arranged for Mrs. Whyte's appearance on the TV show I've Got a Secret. Faulkner is said now to be in Hollywood, trying to interest cowboy star Gene Autry in some scheme that would involve Mrs. Whyte and her children.

Mrs. Whyte is not averse to such promotion since every time she appears on radio or TV the public showers money and gifts on her. "I don't like publicity,"

says Mrs. Whyte, "but if it weren't for all the attention we got we wouldn't have had as much help to carry on our work. We have never approached anyone for publicity. It comes to us. We take it like anything else that comes from the Lord."

However, on at least a few occasions, Mrs. Whyte has taken the initiative. She once approached George James of the Bowmanville Statesman, asking him to publicize her work with a view to obtaining public support. On another occasion she visited the CBC-TV studios in Toronto, requesting a spot on the popular



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daily show, Tabloid. Mrs. Whyte has great respect for the power of television. After the I've Got a Secret show she observed, "It gave us the opportunity to show many people how God helps those who believe. It's God's plan that Christian people support my work, but many of them don't. On the other hand, many worldly people do."

Mrs. Whyte places the Christians of Bowmanville as probably the most uncooperative. "Once," Mrs. Whyte recalls somewhat bitterly, "a committee of Bowmanville church ladies came to visit me,

presumably to inspect my haven. They came in their expensive furs, fine dresses and perfumes and earrings, and said there was no need for my haven because there was a Children's Aid Society. None of them has as much as washed a diaper for me!"

Perhaps the most thoughtful comment I heard about Mrs. Whyte in Bowmanville was made by an elected official. He said, "I'm afraid of Mom Whyte's dreams." In the hassle over religious upbringing, poorly kept records and fire hazards, Mrs. Whyte's grandiose plans

for the future have been all but overlooked. They are Messianic in proportion. She says, "Our place is a haven for all unwanted and troubled people—children, old people, entire families. We will have apartments, cottages and finally a whole village." In time she foresees that people trained in Bowmanville will spread out and establish havens throughout Canada; later, throughout the world.

"This is the starting place," says Reta McLean. "The Lord will show Mom where He wants the other havens. It's whatever the Lord wants." ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

Is giving the public "what it wants" just an excuse for humbug?

probably true, though it is another half-truth. Many of the communication arts were first employed in as purely promotional a sense as you could wish. In Egypt, the cradle of the theatric arts, when a king died his funeral consisted largely of re-enactments of stellar moments of his reign. No doubt they were painted up a bit (as is still the fashion with both corpses and reputations) to give the viewer the impression that the monarch's whole time had been spent in pursuit of the public benefit. One of the first functions of the social arts, then, was a public-relations job for a dead Pharaoh.

In the Middle Ages most arts—including printing at first—were the prerogative of the church, whose skill with propaganda derived from early devotion to spreading the gospel. (The Christian church invented the term *De Propaganda Fide*.) Its dispensing of the two mainstays of the advertiser—blandishments and threats—was masterly. Having acquired an exclusive option on the path to heaven, and a pretty good road map of the competition's territory, the church set its artists to work painting both regions in terms that would make C. B. de Mille blush if he only could. I question whether any modern theatrical opus delivers to its audience the same stiff punch that The Harrowing of Hell (presented by the Bakers' Guild) must have produced in thirteenth-century England. Few holds were barred.

But with the Protestant Reformation (ascribable to a bungled public-relations job on the part of the Roman Catholics), the arts were banished from many European churches on the quite-truthful grounds that they appealed to the senses—only the soberly spoken and written word being excepted. (A good many modern puritans suspect television in general for the same reason.) Freed from the obligation of being apologists for a particular theology, the artists ran for help to the state or the nobility, undertaking in return for payment to make them even more noble in the eyes of posterity. This sort of patronage is still with us, the individual aristocrat having been replaced by brewing and distilling companies. The aim, however, is the same: to assure the public that money from the sale of spirit is repaid in things of the spirit.

But to suggest that because things have been thus in the past they should not now be different is ridiculous. We laugh at the Asiatic rice farmer who makes that claim for his hand plow; how can we treat it seriously as a justification for modern lying? These bygone ages did not boast such equipment as ours for discovering and spreading the truth, for exploding superstitions and dispelling ig-

norance. Ours is the proud age of the scientific method, that nemesis of error. But it is also—alas!—the age of Bridey Murphy and falsies. Of course, it is not the first time we have been blessed with phony books and phony glands; but if our splendid new inventions are to be used to perpetuate demonstrable error, if freedom for the many means only the opportunity to duplicate the past follies of the few, we had best stop boasting of our "advanced" civilization.

Another rationalization for lying, however, is to explain away such misuse of the media by saying that while science has made communication easier it has made the determination of truth more difficult. Once again, this is partially true. More widely than ever before, the "truth" is believed to be not only relative, but too elusive for practical use by ordinary beings.

Truth is all around us

But while perfect truth, like the perfect circle, may never be attainable, truth of a kind sufficient for our purposes is everywhere about—just as the circle of a car wheel is good enough to turn on. Improvements and refinements will come along, but we would be fools to sit around and wait until they do. As the god Krishna says to his pupil Arjuna in the Bhagavad-gita, "No man can ever reach perfection through mere renunciation." The

man who uses the relativity of truth as a justification for being untruthful is like the fathead who argues that because he cannot decide between several makes of furnace he will not heat his house. In short, inability to find the truth after diligent search is a very different thing from deliberate lying in the face of what you know to be true. Anyone who confuses the two is his own worst victim, but he will victimize others first.

Multiplication of this confusion, surely, would do injury to each of us and damage all our relationships. Yet there are those who use this very multiplication as yet another rationalization for their own lying: "If I didn't do it my competitors would anyway." The suggestion here is that two blacks make a white, and a lot of blacks make it whiter still—a conclusion unsupported by science.

The deodorant manufacturer who subtly hints in his ads that unless you use his spray you may never know the married state might call me a carper if I complain he speaks in hyperbole. Yet in sober moments, in the bosom of his family, let us say, I feel sure he would agree it would be disastrous for society if the odor of the armpit were to become the universal criterion for choice of a lifetime mate. Theoretically, it would be great for business, but sooner or later his cupidity would be overtaken by his humanity. How long must we wait for that to happen? When does the Little Lie become a big one?

Next rationalization: "People enjoy it. They like being fooled by salesmen just as they like being fooled by magicians. They actually enjoy the cleverness with which they are hooked." Once again, some truth: people enjoy a good show, whether it be on a stage or a soapbox. But there is an important distinction between a show and real life.

Show business depends for its very existence and effect on being plainly and demonstrably unreal. The artist of integrity holds up what we all know is only a reflection, not to dazzle or blind us but to reveal honest truths. The lesser artist doesn't care what he reveals so long as it is fun. But the promoter has not even this excuse of pointlessness; he has a point—to sell you something. And whenever he uses a show to do so it is either to make his message palatable or to distract you from his real purpose. His aim in that case is less to enlighten than to confuse.

Of all the rationalizations for lying, however, none is more common and therefore persuasive than the fashionable cliché: "I'm only giving the public what it wants." This excuse-all is responsible for more humbug than any other modern fallacy I know of. Many highly placed



Who is it?

For more than a decade his political fate has been identifiable with a British movie whose theme was a solo on a zither. Turn to page 52 to see who this boy turned out to be.

men and women in our industries, radio and TV stations, press, advertising agencies and even service organizations, quote it almost as an eleventh commandment. "Give the public what it wants" is for some people the highest form of public service. Does this mean that to flatter the public is a greater service than to tell it the truth?

To begin with, "the public" is actually many publics, a collection of people differing enormously in tastes and desires—some even disliking most intensely what others like best. Even *en masse* this Hydra is, moreover, notoriously changeable. The power of the new mass media has made "the public" even more changeable. Now giving this mercurial monster what it wants—if it is at the expense of the truth and one's own integrity—is no more honest or prudent than giving your child or your boss what he wants at the same cost. It is doing any of them a grave disservice. What will happen to a generation that really believes the flattery?

We are doing our best to find out. Already, in the eyes of psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, TV is leading our youngsters to "confuse violence with strength, low necklines with feminine ideal, sadism with sex and criminals with police." If it is failing to do so, it is thanks more to the intelligence of the kids than to the honesty of their elders. In Toronto recently press agents played a large part in inciting a teen-age riot at Shea's theatre, on the occasion of Mr. Elvis Presley's first movie appearance. The Toronto press played along handsomely. The shameful thing about the incident was not the behavior of the youth—remarkably restrained under the circumstances—but the willingness of adults to manipulate the youngsters for commercial ends.

Let us not credit "the public" with our own wishes. Did the public know it wanted frozen orange juice before it was put on the market? If women desperately desire a new wardrobe each year, why do couturiers work so hard to persuade them of it? Public demand?

During World War II I worked for a time as a psychological-warfare officer (another euphemism for "propagandist"). The rules of war we were taught for hitting the enemy above the brow were no more sentimental than those for hitting him below the belt:

1. **Concealment of purpose:** you desire only his own comfort.
2. **Concealment of origin:** you're on his side, or the suggestion came from a third party—you have no axe to grind.
3. **Maximum authority:** *carte blanche* to take anyone's name in vain, including the Lord's.
4. **Maximum appearance of disinterestedness:** you couldn't care less what he does; you're only suggesting it for his own good.

The greatest of all principles of propaganda, though, is a simple one: tell the truth. It will out, and it will outlast falsehood. It was because it based its operation on truthful reporting, even when it hurt, that the BBC outmanoeuvred the German radio during the war. It came to have a singular advantage: people believed it. ★

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It must be remembered, too, that whisky does not and cannot age in bottles. In your cellar, for instance, you

may have a bottle which you purchased a year ago last Christmas. The whisky in that bottle has not "aged" a minute since it was taken out of the oak cask! For whisky can only age properly in oak casks under correct maturing conditions. Once we realize that "age in wood" is the greatest single factor in determining the quality of a whisky, we find ourselves with a shopping problem: how can we know the age of the whisky we are buying? How can we find proof that it has been correctly aged for a certain number of years in small charred oak casks? All of which means: how good is the whisky we are selecting?

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Blair Fraser reports from Baghdad continued from page 13

A Lebanese told me: "There'll be no peace in the Middle East until Nasser has been eliminated"

or bereaved in Port Said, there is no sadder plight out here than that of the Arab who has always been pro-British.

"No one could have been more friendly to the British than I," said an elderly merchant in Cairo, a leader in the business community there. "I love England. I was educated there, I have spent years there since, and I have always defended England here at home — I have been criticized for it, too. What can I say now? Everything I have said 'all my life is proved wrong. Everything my opponents said has been proved right."

Governments are in the same fix as individuals. It is no longer possible for them to be openly pro-British, nor safe to be openly anti-Egyptian.

Of the five Arab governments in Asia Minor, at least two and probably three are anti-Nasser at heart. The third is Saudi Arabia, whose all-powerful king does not like to see anyone rising abroad as a pan-Arab hero. The two that I know to be anti-Nasser are Lebanon and Iraq.

Lebanon is the little state just north of Israel, on the Mediterranean coast. It is slightly more than half Christian. That Christian community, a narrow but decisive majority in the Lebanon of today, would be a mere speck in "the Arab nation" that Nasser aspires to lead. At the time of the Suez crisis Lebanon had a pro-Arab prime minister, Abdullah Yafli, who resigned when President Kamal Chamoun refused to break off relations with Britain and France. The present government is pro-Western, and has been described as "a Christian dictatorship."

There is no doubt that this Christian government, and the Christian community in general, regard Nasser with deep misgiving. One eminent Lebanese told me flatly: "There can be no peace in the Middle East until Nasser and Nasserism have been eliminated."

But before saying this he reminded me that he was not to be quoted by name, and afterward added that if I did quote him he would instantly deny having made the statement. Anyone who talked so, even in Lebanon, would certainly be vilified and quite probably be assassinated.

I found the same discretion here in Baghdad, where the government is the most solidly pro-Western of all. Iraq's Prime Minister Nuri as-Said is the oldest and best friend Britain has in the Middle East. Iraq is the only Arab member of the Baghdad Pact, a mutual defense treaty of four Moslem states which is polluted, in Arab eyes, by the fact that Britain is a fifth partner. Even today the secretary-general of the Baghdad Pact, still living and working in Baghdad, is the able young Englishman Lord Jellicoe, son of the admiral.

Privately, Iraqi government spokesmen still say: "We do not like Nasser, we do not agree with his policies. We thought he was foolish to accept arms from the Communist block, and reckless to seize the Suez Canal."

"We have been staunch allies of Britain, and we still are—in spite of everything."

But the "in spite of everything" is the giveaway line. As one official said rather mournfully: "We do hope the British won't make any more mistakes."

That is in private. In public, after suffering weeks of invective from the Egyptian radio in silence, old Nuri as-Said went on the air with a two-and-a-half-

hour speech defending his policies in general and the Baghdad Pact in particular. From beginning to end of the speech he never once mentioned Britain. No listener would have known, from Nuri's speech, that Britain was a member of the Baghdad Pact at all.

There were other, more positive signs that the Nuri as-Said government is on the defensive. Two days before the Iraqi parliament opened at the beginning of December (to be adjourned after only one sitting) five leading members of the opposition in Iraq were secretly arrested. They were held incommunicado for nearly three weeks; their trial was only thirty-six hours off when they first were allowed to see a lawyer about their defense.

The trial was held in secret at a court martial. All five were found guilty, the leader sentenced to three years hard labor and the rest to a year's "probation" on heavy bail. The charges were not revealed, except by lawyers for the defense.

As the defense tells it, the charges seem to amount to opposing the government, nothing more. One that particularly shocked Iraqi lawyers was a charge that the five had signed a petition to King Faisal II against the Nuri as-Said regime. The right to petition the king is one of the oldest, most deeply rooted of Arab traditions, and to find it described as a crime really horrified them.

Iraqi officials say, and the British in Baghdad concur, that the five accused were dangerous radicals and sponsors of

riots—"dreadful ragamuffins, really," said one official.

Among the "ragamuffins" is the president of the Bar Association of Iraq, a former minister of justice. Another is a former minister of transport, two more are former MPs, and the fifth a sitting member of the present parliament. All are members of a constitutional committee set up to form a "Congress Party" which, if it ever acquires legal existence under Iraq's restrictive law, will replace two of the parties Nuri abolished in 1954.

It is true that no country in the Middle East is entirely free as we understand the word, and that every country there is in grave jeopardy. Iraq was very close to open rebellion after the Suez crisis, and governments so threatened are not apt to be scrupulous about civil liberties.

Nevertheless, it is still disquieting that the only parts of the Middle East where there is a strong, identifiable opposition are those isolated bastions of the Western cause, Iraq and Lebanon. It is also disquieting that in both those countries, spokesmen for the government describe their opponents as dupes if not accomplices of the Communist bloc.

Of all the charges against Nasser and pro-Nasser governments in the Middle East, this is the one most widely believed abroad: that they are all Communist stooges. It is not an easy charge either to prove or to disprove.

In Syria, for example, anyone can see that Western newspapers and certain

magazines are banned while Russian papers are prominently displayed in English, French, German and Arabic. The Syrian radio and the Syrian Arabic press never carry anything critical of the Soviet Union. One editor in Damascus tells an amusing story: last winter, as an experiment, he wrote an item in the weather column to the effect that "the cold weather coming down from Russia is expected to continue." The censor cut it out.

No mention of the heroic revolt in Hungary, nor of United Nations resolutions condemning the Russian suppression of it, has appeared in the Syrian press or radio. I asked Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, chief of army intelligence and reputed strong man of Syria, why no reference to Hungary had been made. He replied blandly that there was no internal censorship in Syria, the newspapers could print what they liked, so he supposed the editors thought their readers would not be interested in Hungary.

But as for reports that Soviet arms have been "pouring" into Syria, and that the place swarms with Russian technicians and advisers, I found nobody who had any evidence to confirm this. Foreign observers in Syria say that about fifty Panzer tanks of Czech manufacture were obtained in 1955, and sixty-odd T-34s in the first half of 1956; these appeared in a military parade last summer, and foreigners took pictures of them. They guess that maybe another sixty tanks have been received since then. But as for a sudden rush of armor recently, if it happened it escaped the notice of some rather shrewd onlookers.

These same onlookers regard the Syrian army as thoroughly incompetent. Many of its senior officers were NCOs in the days of the French mandate; those who have some formal military education have been promoted with breathless speed. They have certainly had German advisers, but if they now have Russian these have kept themselves out of sight.

In Egypt, Canadian observers report that when the Suez attack came, about three hundred men, women and children from Iron Curtain countries were evacuated through Khartoum. Presumably some others must have flown out the Egyptian bombers which escaped to Syria and Saudi Arabia. A large group of Czech "tourists" were among the first to arrive when normal traffic reopened after the crisis, as well as groups of Russian and Chinese journalists.

Nevertheless, there is some evidence in Egypt that the Nasser regime is becoming apprehensive of the Russian embrace, and wants to strengthen ties with the free countries.

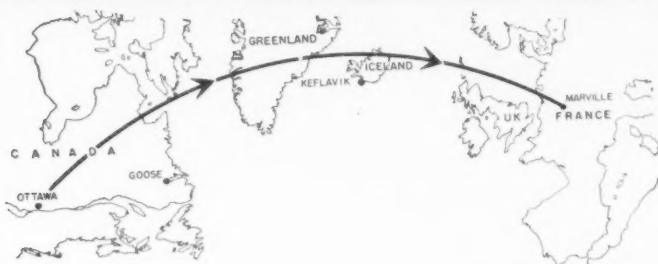
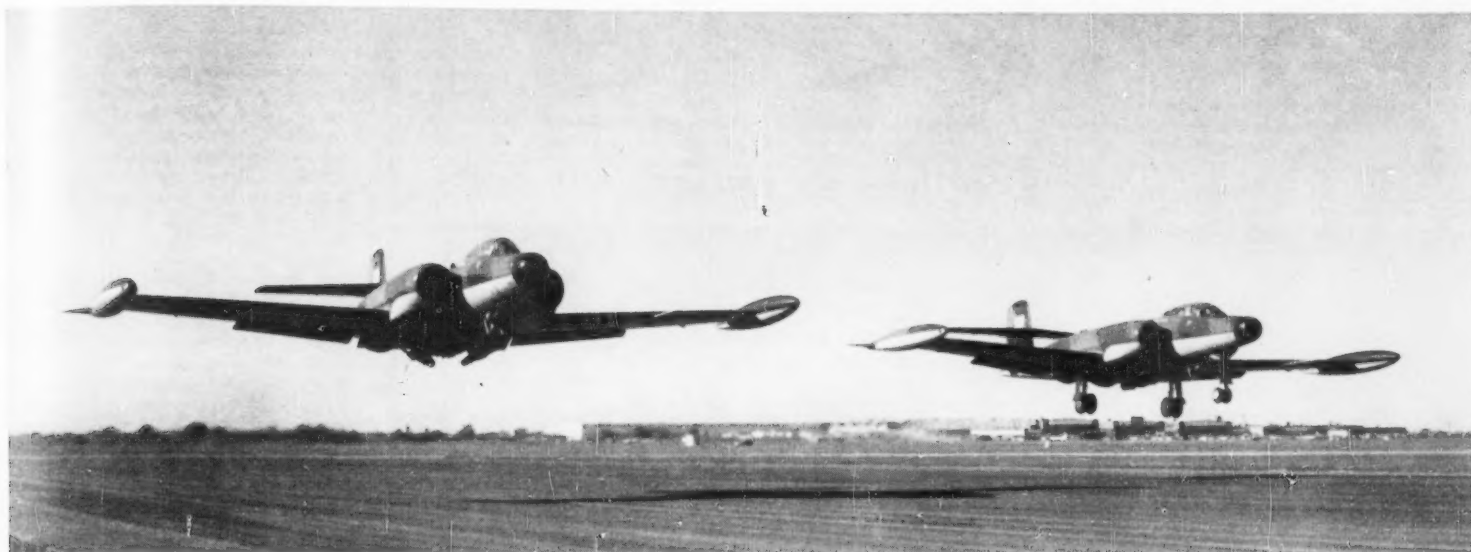
For one example—the Hungary story's steady front-page display in the Egyptian press, especially when it was before the United Nations. Russian rejoinders got a fair play too, but the net effect was the just one—heavily anti-Soviet.

Here in Baghdad I spent an enlightening afternoon with the chief defense counsel for the accused opposition leaders, a big quiet man named Sa'ad Omar. He is not a party member; he was called in as defense counsel because he is vice-president of the Iraq Bar Association (The president was one of the accused.) After we got through talking about the case and settled down to a cup of tea, we began to talk politics in a general way.

"I honestly think the Nuri as-Said government is promoting communism here."



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Omar said, "Only Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa is as unpopular as Nuri as-Said is in Iraq, and they both call every opponent a Communist."

"Actually there is a vacuum here in Iraq. British prestige has been destroyed by their attack on Egypt, and this has left a great gap. If the United States doesn't fill it, perhaps Russia will."

"We don't want that, though. We are not Communists. We don't want to give our country to the Russians. In the last free election we had, Communists got only one out of 142 seats in our parliament. But while the vacuum exists, the danger will exist too."

Can the U.S. and Canada fill the gap merely by offering dollar aid?

Iraq's example indicates that the answer is no. Iraq has plenty of money, the revenue of her oil. For the last four years Iraq has been plowing nearly three quarters of that oil income, or about \$200 million last year, into capital-development schemes of flood control, irrigation and hydro-electric power development. Eventually these will double the arable land of Iraq and quadruple its productivity, while providing at the same time power for new industries.

I got the details of these plans from one of the Development Board officers, a dedicated soul whose heart was obviously in his work. But when I asked whether or not these great projects were strengthening the present government of Iraq, he hesitated.

"There is no connection at all between the two," he said. He personally was against the Nuri as-Said government, against the Baghdad Pact, against the British, and convinced that the development of Iraq would have gone faster and farther without any of these things.

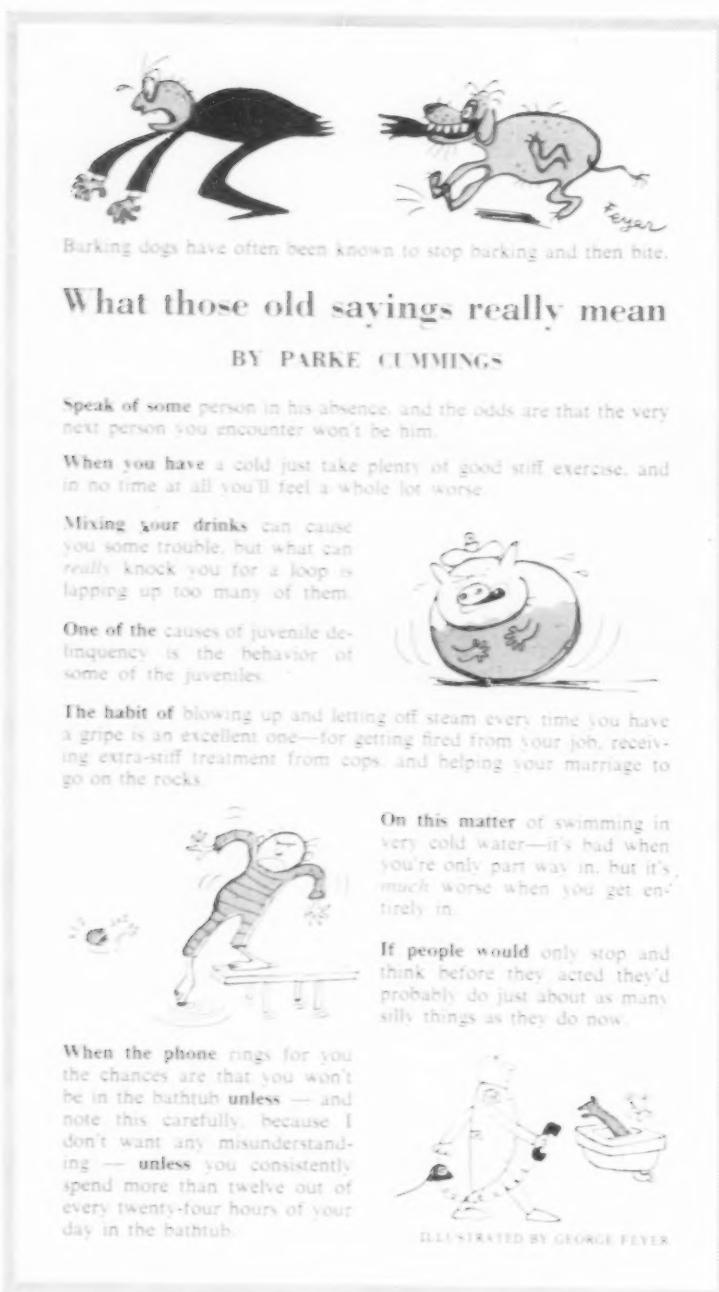
How else, then, can the West regain the trust of Arab countries, and fill the "vacuum" that Britain has left behind?

That question cannot be answered without a fresh look at Israel. The one common feeling, the factor that unites all Arabs without distinction, is hatred of Israel and a burning sense of injustice that Israel exists at all.

It was not just for attacking Egypt that Britain lost all standing with the Arabs. Even in Egypt itself, several people said, "If Britain had attacked it once when Nasser seized the canal, we would have understood." The unforgivable, unforgettable thing was that Britain attacked in alliance and apparent connivance with Israel.

Abdullah Rimawy, foreign minister in the new pro-Nasser government of Jordan, said, "In one way at least the attack on Egypt was a good thing. It made absolutely clear to everybody what had not been clear to all before, that Britain, France and Israel are all one enemy."

Even today there seems to be little understanding in the West of either the depth or the strength of Arab resentment of Israel, of their sense of injustice that the intrusion of Israel should have been allowed and even assisted by Western nations. Most Westerners still think that when the Arabs were promised independence during World War I, the promise was made without proper knowledge or due authority. The fact is that it was made in writing, by Sir Henry McMahon, British high commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan, who said "I am authorized to give you the following pledges on behalf of the Government of Great Britain." The pledges added up to independence for all Arab territory from Syria to the Red Sea and from Persia to the Mediterranean. The following year the British also made an agreement with the French to partition some of the same territory with the French, under "mandates." After yet another year had passed, the famous Bal-



Barking dogs have often been known to stop barking and then bite.

What those old sayings really mean

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

Speak of some person in his absence, and the odds are that the very next person you encounter won't be him.

When you have a cold just take plenty of good stiff exercise, and in no time at all you'll feel a whole lot worse.

Mixing your drinks can cause you some trouble, but what can really knock you for a loop is lapping up too many of them.

One of the causes of juvenile delinquency is the behavior of some of the juveniles.

The habit of blowing up and letting off steam every time you have a gripe is an excellent one—for getting fired from your job, receiving extra-stiff treatment from cops, and helping your marriage to go on the rocks.



When the phone rings for you the chances are that you won't be in the bathtub unless — and note this carefully, because I don't want any misunderstanding — unless you consistently spend more than twelve out of every twenty-four hours of your day in the bathtub.



On this matter of swimming in very cold water—it's bad when you're only part way in, but it's much worse when you get entirely in.

If people would only stop and think before they acted they'd probably do just about as many silly things as they do now.



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE FEYER

four Declaration promised a "Jewish national home" in Palestine.

From these conflicting promises, as inexcusable as they are incompatible, most of the trouble in the Middle East stems.

What the Arabs do not and will not realize is that other Western nations had no share or even knowledge of Sir Henry McMahon's pledge to the Arabs, but do have some commitment of their own now to Israel. We could not recognize a nation in 1948 and then nine years later, after a million Jews had gone there and left themselves nowhere else to go, withdraw that recognition and say Israel has no right to exist. Arabs talk as if nothing less would satisfy them.

On the other hand, Western and especially North American countries have a misconception of Israel. We think of Israel as a small, weak, peaceful country surrounded, and heavily outnumbered, by ferocious and bloodthirsty neighbors. In a sense, of course, all these things are true, but they are also extremely misleading.

The fact is that Israel is by far the strongest military power in the Middle

East—a tough, proud, aggressive nation with Spartan discipline and superb military efficiency. Outnumbered or not, the Israeli can defeat any or all of their Arab neighbors in battle, and would welcome a chance to prove it.

In the long run, of course, Israel is afraid of the Arab countries, and in the long run she has reason to be. Twenty to one are too long odds: give the Arabs enough Russian tanks and planes, and time enough to learn to use them, and eventually they will be strong enough to carry out their vainglorious boast and "drive the Jews into the sea."

But in the short run, although they are ashamed to admit it, it is the Arabs who are afraid. Any time she dared defy the opinion of the Western nations whose economic help she needs, Israel could knock out the feeble pensioner-state of Jordan and take the whole valley of the River Jordan for her own. Israel could chase away the incompetent soldiers of Syria, seize the headwaters of the Jordan and solve most of her problems of irrigation and power shortage. Israel may not now be an economically viable state,

but she could become so by force of arms.

If the West were to do as the Arab nations ask and cut off all economic aid to Israel tomorrow, undoubtedly this would happen. The threat of withdrawing economic aid is an effective restraint, but if the threat were carried out the restraint would no longer exist.

Thus we have reasons of discretion, as well as reasons of honor, for continuing to give Israel recognition and a reasonable amount of support. To do this without alienating forty million Arabs, and driving them into the Soviet camp for lack of anywhere else to go, is the formidable task that now confronts the West.

For that task, all the great powers have some disability or other. The British and the French put themselves out of court last November. The Americans, though they emerged from the Suez crisis with much greater prestige than they ever had before, are inevitably and incurably suspect — they are the chief sponsors of Israel, they are the strongest power in the world, and their oil holdings make them deeply interested parties.

What the Middle East needs, and lacks, is the presence of a few more disinterested parties. One of them could be Canada.

Heaven knows we are ill-equipped for the job now. In the whole "Arab nation" that stretches from Morocco to Mesopotamia, Canada has one ambassador—Herbert Norman in Cairo. He has a senior and able man, Lionel Roy, as *chargé d'affaires* in Lebanon, but no *chargé* can quite take the place of an ambassador. East of Lebanon—in Syria, in Jordan, in Iraq, in Saudi Arabia—Canada has nobody at all. All our information from this troubled region we get at second hand, and most of it from interested sources.

But if we had our own information, what good would it do? What action could Canada take anyway?

Nothing sensational; nothing decisive. There is no immediate solution for the problems of the Middle East; nothing conceivable could remove them.

But one reason for this impasse is the Arab conviction that nobody—nobody with a white skin, that is; nobody with a Western connection—understands their case, let alone supports it. Thus isolated, the Arab countries tend to retire into a trance of self-pity and wishful thinking.

For the moment that trance has been broken. The vote of 65-1 against Israel, the votes that found Britain and France almost alone while the world stood with Egypt, gave the Arab countries a new faith in international justice.

Canada is the only nation in the commonwealth, and one of the few in the world, able to follow up the advantage.

Just because we stepped out of line and refused to back our oldest commonwealth partners, Canada got more notice and respect out here than most Canadians realize. On an issue like Suez, the Arabs would take the backing of India and Pakistan for granted. Canada's stand was a surprise. It gave us a reputation for fairness somewhat higher than we deserve, but one we should not throw away lightly.

To keep it, Canada won't need to back the Arab side blindly, or turn her back on Britain or even on Israel. What she will need to do is learn the facts of each dispute at first hand, and take what side she takes for real reasons. In the fragile equilibrium that is chronic in the Middle East, small things can have decisive weight. One such small thing might be the comprehension and sympathy of one more small country. ★



Backstage in the Middle East continued from page 6

"It is easier on the nerves, in this part of the world, not to get involved with the police"

Joseph boomed. "We have come to cheer you up, and you must give us some tea."

Father Marcel, looking far from cheered, led us in resignedly and found no chairs in his office. There was another man there, clad in the nightgown that seems to be Egypt's national costume, and Father Marcel told him to go out and make the tea.

While we waited Father Marcel talked in a gentle but plaintive voice about the troubles he was having under house arrest. For one thing, he said, they had taken away all his servants.

"What about the man you sent out for the tea?" someone asked.

"He is not a servant," Father Marcel explained. "He is the secret policeman."

Quite a while passed, and no tea. Finally Father Marcel went out to see what was wrong, and found the kitchen empty. He made tea himself and brought it back. We had just begun to drink it when the man in the nightgown returned, accompanied by a large man with a thick neck and enormous boots who would be recognized in any country as a sergeant of detectives.

The sergeant declined a cup of tea, sat down and waited. Father Marcel looked less and less cheered. The conversation lagged. As we finally rose to go, the sergeant hustled out ahead of us.

"Follow me," he said, and roared off on his motorcycle.

At the police station, a stucco pile of enormous size for such a small village, he led us first to an army colonel who took all our names, enquired about our business and then politely bowed us out. Much relieved, we climbed back into our cars. But then a couple of guards ran out and made signs that we were not to go yet.

"Colonel no good," one said. "You see security officer."

Where was he?
"Gone out."

For an hour, that was all. Mac Dale produced his diplomatic credentials and I waved a sheaf of press cards, but it appeared that the guards couldn't read. Father Joseph boomed at them in vain. It got dark and very cold. We stood and waited.

Once the inspector arrived, as he did eventually, all was well. Mac's credentials were properly impressive, Father Joseph's voluble explanations acceptable; to cap all, the inspector turned out to be a former pupil of another member of the party. He delayed us only by insisting that a round of Coca-Colas must be sent for from the café at the corner.

We were back in Cairo, though, and fed and warmed, before we began to shake off the uneasy feelings that developed as we stood in the dark with our silent guards around us and wondered whether the inspector had gone home for the night. It is easier on the nerves, in this part of the world, not to get involved with the police at all.

The afternoon with Father Joseph was not the first time our attention was drawn to Egypt's small but ancient Christian community. The first was an anecdote told by Brigadier Helmy, the Egyptian commandant of the camp at Abu Suweir, which Canadian administrative troops were operating for the UN Emergency Force.

Brigadier Helmy is a neat, ruddy-cheeked, thick-chested man who looks

(though he would no longer consider this a compliment) like the very model of a modern British officer. His mannerisms are an unconscious caricature of the British, and I suspect a good many British officers might feel some sympathy

with the story Helmy told over a pale whisky and water in the mess at Abu Suweir.

"I remember a Christian I had in my regiment once," said the brigadier. "He was a corporal. One day he came to me

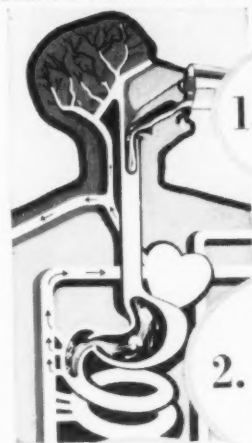
as his commanding officer, and told me he wanted to become a Moslem.

"I asked him why. He said he had been converted by the beauty of our great religion, that he no longer had any use for his own and, in short, would I please

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tell him how to go about changing his faith. I said I would see about it, and he went away.

"I asked one of my clerks to dig out the man's file, get his address, then go find his wife and bring her to me. She came the next day. I asked her how she and her husband were getting on.

"Very badly, sir," she said. "He never gives me any money, he won't help me support our children, and for the last six months he has been going around with another girl and threatening to divorce me. But I told him he can't divorce me because we are Christian, and divorce isn't legal for us."

"I said very well, and told her to go back

home. Then I called in the corporal again, and when he stood in front of me I went and ripped the stripes off his sleeve.

"That is for telling me lies," I said, "and in addition you will have 168 hours at hard labor. But think of this: I am just a man like yourself, and you couldn't even fool me. How did you expect to fool God?"

The brigadier took a long sip of his whisky and water, and then concluded:

"I said to him: 'You are a Christian as I am a Moslem, for one reason only—because you were born one. I am going to remain a Moslem, and you are damned well going to remain a Christian as long as you are under my command.'"

★



The riddle of the Athabaska tar sands

Continued from page 19

Getting oil from sand beguiled world experts, then the Pembina strike killed their interest

ence and 125 experts—geologists, engineers and chemists from every important oil company on the continent and from Sweden, Germany and Brazil—came north to talk about what could be done with the tar sands.

The following spring—1952—a group of seven companies, headed by Calvin Consolidated, went to work exploring near Bitumont. In quick succession Mobil, Shell, Sun, Socony and others began to prove up eleven regions. Then Pembina blew in and this rich easy central Alberta oil field blunted interest in the north. "They all dropped out except two," recalls Hubert Somerville, Alberta's deputy minister of mines.

One of the two that stayed was the Calvin group, a joint-exploration venture with a millionaire oilman and publisher, Max Bell, as its leading spirit and somewhere in the background the brothers McMahon (Pacific Petroleum and West-coast Transmission). Calvin's secretary-treasurer, J. Lambert, says, "We've spent about \$400,000 to find out what we've got."

Having found substantial deposits, then it's just a question of getting a method of mining and a market—the mechanics will work themselves out. We've solved tougher problems than this in other parts of the world."

The other company to stick it out was Can-Amara Oil Sands Development. This is the firm behind Royalt's announcement. Its story began in 1951 with a chunky, grey-haired Calgary contractor, G. R. "Bud" Coulson.

Coulson over the years had sunk much of his hard-earned profits in wildcat oil drilling. "This usually resulted," he says drily, "in owning a piece of a dry hole." He began to brood on the risk involved in drilling for oil—three or four dusters for every producing well—when Blair's report put the tar sands back in the news. Coulson decided they might be a better gamble than wildcat drilling.

He drove up to the Edmonton conference and took home a box of tar sand. In his basement he tested the methods tried in the past, mostly types of hot- or cold-water washing. "They got out the coarse sand easily," he says. "That's just what fooled everybody into thinking that washing was economical. But they left a lot of fine clay and water in the oil. Modern refineries don't want oil that has more than one-percent foreign mate-

rial—it just gums up everything."

A centrifuge, he felt, would solve the problem. "If you drop a stone coated with oil in a pool of water," he says, "under one g. of gravity, which is normal, it will settle slowly with the oil still on it. If you force it through the water the oil is stripped away. What you're doing is multiplying gravity, which is just the same as multiplying the weight of the stone. Basically, that's what a centrifuge does. The particles that won't settle because they're so light and fine will settle in a centrifuge because they now weigh so much more and they'll settle at a higher rate."

Sitting one day in his basement wondering where he could find a centrifuge big enough to test his theory, Coulson spotted his wife's spin-drier. He ladled the tar sand, diluted with light oil, into two quart sealers and placed them in the machine's bowl so that one balanced the other. He flicked the switch, let it run a few minutes, then lifted out the sealers. On the top was a clean-cut layer of oil, in the middle a layer of water, on the bottom a layer of fairly clean sand.

For a year Coulson worked with the spin-drier, trying for just the right combination of sand, oil, water and speed. Sometimes the sealers would burst, usually on washday, and Coulson would laboriously clean out the grimy oil-spattered bowl. Eventually he had to buy his wife a new spin-drier. But by then he was ready to patent his process and test it commercially.

He knew this would take money. Coulson's lawyer, Ted Tavender, told him to talk to Stan Paulson, a Calgary promoter. Paulson was then, in 1952, a prematurely grey thirty-nine, an easy-mannered newcomer to the oil business. Three years before he'd resigned his air-force commission to go leasing land for an oil company. Within a year he had more than a hundred men working for him and was paying more income tax than he'd earned in ten years in uniform.

Fascinated by what he calls Coulson's "conjuring trick" with the spin-drier, Paulson put up \$25,000 for patents and for a search across the continent to find a commercial machine. But no standard machine would deal with material more than five-percent solids. The tar sands were eighty-percent solids. Finally, at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in the lab of the

De Laval Separator Company. Paulson and Coulson built a small centrifuge of their own design. The tests were encouraging but far from conclusive. They needed a larger machine and a great deal more money.

One day Paulson dropped around to Coulson's house with a friend from Delaware, the bearer of one of America's great names, Eugene Dupont III. Dupont watched Coulson put his tarry mixture into the drier and bring it out in three clean layers. Impressed, he stayed most of the afternoon talking. "When you have your patents in order," he said, "come and see me."

Out of this came Can-Amera, with such eminent directors as William Casey, the New York tax expert, F. T. Barton, a Pittsburgh steel executive, Edward Skae, head of the Equipment Manufacturing Company of Detroit, and William Clay Ford, youngest of the three Ford brothers.

"I went to these people, their friends and associates," Paulson says, "and I told them, 'Look, we've got a wild crazy idea here. It's so fantastic you won't believe it. But if we can have half a million dollars we think we can show that it's practical.' And, strangely enough, we found fifty people who would go along with us, knowing that they could lose their money, and that even if we succeeded it might be a long time before they got it back."

The half million bought them a fifty-barrel-a-day centrifuge in 1953 and, the following year, a 500-barrel machine. It leased them the Alberta government's plant at Bitumont. Here was a ready-made base—a machine shop, a power plant, a small refinery, and machinery for mining, conveying and mixing the sand.

But their centrifuge would not stand the strain of continuous operation. The sand was hard as glass. It cut through steel like a hacksaw through wood. At the speed the centrifuge had to revolve to separate the light clays, machine parts wore out so fast that De Laval engineers were doubtful if any machine could be made to handle such huge quantities of sand. Nevertheless it had proved, Coulson says, "that we could feed sand into it and get out a clean, good oil."

"So now we asked ourselves, what do we do now?" Paulson says. "It was obvious that success would depend on a large operation. Marketing became tremendously important. We had to find a company that had the handling, refining and marketing experience and facilities."

Can-Amera's directors looked over the

field and decided to approach Royalite. It had been a small Imperial Oil subsidiary for twenty-eight years and control of it had been sold in 1949 to the Bronfman brothers, "Mr. Sam" and "Mr. Allan," heads of the House of Seagram distilling empire. The Bronfmans put up a six-story Calgary landmark, known to local wits as the Rye-alite Building, and brought up Ray Althouse from Cities Service Oil in Oklahoma to guide their company into the big time. By 1955 they had 350-odd wells, four refineries, control of the Mid-Saskatchewan and Saskatchewan pipelines, a chain of filling stations in Alberta and Saskatchewan, 750 employees and assets of sixty million dollars. To Can-Amera, the company looked big enough now to handle the oil sands but not so big that it wouldn't give the deal top priority.

"We told Royalite to look it over," Paulson says. "We said, in effect, 'We've spent better than half a million on research, patenting, and so on. Here's what we have. If you think it's worth carrying on we'll get together and make a deal!'"

Royalite decided to come in.

In Kamloops, E. B. Lay received a phone call from Ray Althouse. Lay and his partner, Lincoln Clark, own Caribou Engineering. They specialize in building and dismantling oil refineries. Althouse asked them to check Can-Amera's work.

"Frankly, I was lukewarm," says Lay, a tall, drawing engineer - promoter, known from Toronto to his home state of Texas as "E.B." "There's been a lot of skepticism about this project, and justly so." Nevertheless he managed to lure Clark, at forty-nine a widely respected process engineer, out of semi-retirement in Los Angeles.

Amid the rusting pumps and tanks of the plant at Bitumont the two refinery men watched water, light oil and oil sand feed into what looked like a giant mixer. The bowl hung on a suspended shaft. It was only four feet wide but it weighed a ton and a half. "You get that rotating at fourteen hundred revs a minute," says Clark, "and you're impressed with the power. Everybody was scared stiff of it. We called it 'the big black monster.'"

They ran out of the plant in fright eight times that summer. "It was a real Rube Goldberg contraption," Lay says. "If it was the least bit out of balance everything would fly apart. One time we thought it was going to leave the building."

Working with the inventor, Clark redesigned the feeds, corrected the balance and installed automatic controls. The

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most serious problem, erosion, was simple. He made the process two operations instead of one. He took out the coarse abrasive sand first at a relatively slow speed. Then he stepped up the speed to pull out the fine clays. When they tested a revised machine last summer at Bitumount there was no perceptible wear and tear, they say. "We didn't run out of the building once," says Clark.

Lay, in the meantime, was trying to find out more about mining in general while keeping the project a secret—what an oil company calls "a tight hole." He watched open-pit phosphate mining in Illinois and Florida, copper mining in Utah, coal in Pennsylvania. He brought in a maker of bulldozers and draglines, Gene Eyncoe, whom tractor people call "Mr. Dirt," and "Chick" San, an expert on hydraulics. "We could guesstimate all day," Lay says, "but we had to have people whose word would carry weight."

All the work was checked by Eaveson, Auchmuty and Summers — U.S. consultants, who reported two months ago that "success or failure hinges on developing a practical low-cost method of mining."

In 1951 Sidney Blair had set mining costs at fifty-five cents for a barrel of oil. Since then new machines have come into use, giant draglines that weigh 2,500 tons, with arms 235 feet long. In just over a minute they dig, lift and dump forty-five tons of sand. By investing eight million dollars in mining equipment, it has been estimated, at least sixteen cents a barrel could be shaved from

Blair's estimate of getting the sand.

Royalite decided to go ahead. So far they haven't announced what their expenses will be, but they do claim that their centrifuges will whirl sand and oil apart for "a fraction of the cost" of the hot-water process on which Blair reported. Since Blair's survey, they say, ad-

ANSWER

to Who is it? on page 44

M. J. Coldwell, the national leader of the CCF party; "Third Man" to Liberal and Conservative leaders in the last three federal elections.

vances in refining make it possible to convert a heavy crude like the oil from the tar sands into a waste-free synthetic crude that is worth one dollar a barrel more than natural crude as it flows from drilled wells. They plan to build a mine-site refinery and pump this synthetic, semi-refined crude through a 350-mile pipeline to Edmonton. "It's a manufacturing operation," Link Clark, the process engineer, sums up. "We'll get our oil as a result of a tremendous investment. Our job was to get the gamble out of that investment and we feel we've done that."

Royalite says that selling the oil, which could be a headache, will offer no problems. Every week the company is raising its "big R" over a new filling station. Four months ago it bought out Top Alta Gas and Oil Co., whose thirty-four stations service the Peace River district. Next year it plans to push outlets up the Alaska Highway. "This next summer, I hope," Ray Althouse says, "you'll be able to travel from Winnipeg to Vancouver and as far north as Fairbanks, Alaska, using Royalite products."

The company holds 50,000 acres of tar sand fronting the river for four miles, low flats that stretch back to a steep two-hundred-foot cliff, the former riverbank. The land beyond this bank is among the richest in all the tar sands. It contains, by federal estimate, a thousand million barrels, and the overburden is light. If Royalite's estimate of production at twenty thousand barrels a day should stand up its land would still be good for more than a hundred years.

The company pictures two great draglines rumbling up and down the old river bank above the flats, tearing away the black sands, loading two fifty-ton diesel trucks every sixty-five seconds. It pictures a fleet of nineteen diesels trundling across the flats, a maximum haul of 2.3 miles, to dump their loads in the hopper that feeds the separation plant.

In this plant Clark visualizes banks of powerful centrifuges, some fifty in all, "as far as possible automatic—we might have three operators." The clean waste sand will be pumped out on the low-lying

flats. The oil will be pumped to the plant that removes the sulphur, 140 tons a day according to a formula based on Blair's report, enough to supply all of western Canada. Then the sulphur-free oil will flow to the nearby refinery, employing three hundred to three hundred and fifty people. Royalite plans to house them in a townsite tentatively planned for four-teen hundred people.

The big construction job will be handled by Caribou Engineering, whose field engineer, Tommy Bareham, a young British ex-commando, says, "By the summer of next year we'll have around a thousand men working. We'll get the foundations and shells up for every unit. We'll pour concrete twenty-four hours a day and as fast as equipment arrives we'll install it. The pipeline will be laid in the summer of 1959. By 1960 we hope to be ready to operate."

Royalite will spend a minimum of fifty million dollars. "We don't know exactly how much yet," Althouse says. "Someone might like to buy part of the pipeline. Somebody might like to develop the townsite—we're not anxious to put up a company town." When I talked with him he hadn't yet sought outside capital. "But I will say this—we're not anticipating any difficulty in raising it."

What do other oil companies think of a tar-sands operation? The president of Imperial Oil, Jack White, told Maclean's that he does not think that extracting oil from the tar sands by any method is economically feasible yet.

"It's just a question of costs," says

Mailbag

Would Britain's national health scheme work in Canada?

Napier Moore's argument. A Canadian Health Plan Won't Work (Dec. 22) is outdated. The human race realizes that it is a composition of units each interdependent on the other. Unless it destroys war, poverty, disease and hatred it cannot survive. We are passing from rugged individualism to collective security.—H. KERSHAW, NELSON, B.C.

● Napier Moore certainly hit the nail on the head . . . Lenin said on many occasions that socialization of medicine was the entering wedge of communism. This is as true when Mr. Martin of Ottawa or Mr. Frost of Ontario suggests a national health service—with the medical profession under a bureaucracy—as it was when Lenin said it.—F. B. BOWMAN, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

● When Mr. Moore talks about red tape, negligence and cruel delay in England most Canadians can think of similar happenings in this country. What about delays in the admission of sick people to hospital while the details of "Who is going to pay?" are investigated? Should health depend upon the individual bank account? The question is not, "Can we afford a national health plan?" but, "Can we afford to continue without one?"—DONALD H. TAYLOR, TORONTO.

● Only sorry I did not begin getting Maclean's sooner.—K. WEAVER, VANCOUVER.

How to kill cannibals

Sidney Katz warns against the accumulation of radiation in the modern world (How Serious is the Threat of Radiation?, Dec. 8) but it seems to me the people in greatest danger are the cannibals. If one eats a missionary who holds 100 roentgens, all would be still well and good, but on a second missionary with a similar amount of roentgens he would surely gum up his innards. To protect these



people we should not allow missionaries to accumulate more than, say, 25 roentgens.—C. NICKEL, WATERLOO, ONTARIO.

That preacher's daughter

I was shocked by The Preacher's Daughter who joined Les Girls (Dec. 22)—shocked that the daughter of a minister would boast of it and that the parents should aid and abet their child.—MRS. F. D. CREIGHTON, LAC LA BICHE, ALTA.

● I can recall no single piece of writing that for sheer delight in both subject and treatment compares with your story of the preacher's daughter.—A. E. DAWSON, TORONTO.

Where does our loyalty belong?

In your editorial, We're Not Really the Heroes of Suez (Dec. 22), you claim that when Canada refused to support the U.S. in advocating an Allied withdrawal from the Suez she was putting loyalty to institutions (British) before loyalty to principles. I can never believe being loyal to your parents could be wrong. Loyalty in people is as deep as faith in God, whereas principles are vulnerable to change by persuasion or interpretation.

The few countries that have put this moral theory into effect are Communist countries. Through "educational persuasions" they have persuaded people to put loyalty to Communist principles before loyalty to family.—DONALD S. CARTER, VICTORIA, B.C.

But they like us in Kenya

I have just finished your issue of Dec. 8. As I finished, one thought remained with me: Is the editor of good old Maclean's trying to publish it out of existence?—W. N. CAMPBELL, DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

● I cannot tell you how much Maclean's means to me and my husband. There are

no Canadian publications sold in Kenya. Canada is, and always shall be home, and your articles are of great interest to us.—MRS. ELEANOR HARE, MASENO, KENYA, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Would modern girls shock grandma?

The contributors to your panel discussion, What About Women? (Dec. 8), were certainly right in pointing out that the weaker sex is changing. What a shock



grandma would have if she could see the young women today in shorts and the clothes they wear . . . Yet, women are happier now . . . wonderful in mind and spirit.—BERT WARREN, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Keep Canada for Canadians?

I see in Maclean's about Bill Zeckendorf and his big plans for Canada (Nov.

Robert Heatcott of Sun Oil, which holds a large stake beside Royalite. "Royalite claim to have a good method. Maybe they do. Let's face it. The way science is advancing somebody's going to lick this thing soon and we're all afraid not to be in the ground floor of such a tremendous deal."

If the project is successful will it revolutionize the industry? "Let's put it this way, says Paul L. Kartzke, vice-president of Shell, which is also exploring the sands and researching a process of its own. "Would you say Pembina (Canada's richest field so far) revolutionized the industry? They've taken about a hundred million barrels out of Pembina in the past three years. I'd be very surprised if anybody took a hundred million barrels out of the oil sands in three years. It's a matter of long-term growth, of adding to the reserves. But if they develop a workable process it certainly will produce a rush of companies into the field."

But Bud Coulson, the inventor, insists. "It will change the face of that area. A great many mines are not operating now because of the cost of barging in fuel. Here's hundreds of millions of barrels of it, unlimited cheap fuel." He sees "tremendous possibilities" in by-products. "The waste sand is an excellent glass sand. The main materials of a glass industry are heat and silica sand. The glass plant at Medicine Hat pays seventeen dollars a ton to bring in sand from Illinois. If somebody paid us seventeen cents a ton we'd be happy."

He adds that the sands contain about

twenty rare minerals and that an economic way may eventually be found to recover them. But the first problem is to find out how to recover the greatest possible amount of oil.

Only a small percentage of the oil in the tar sands is concentrated enough, or close enough to the surface, to be "mined" by the draglines. Some other method will have to be developed to recover the rest. In California, where there are deposits of oil shale, Magnolia Oil, an offshoot of Socony, has been field-testing a method that might work with

tar sands. This is to drill a series of holes called a "five-spot," similar in pattern to the "5" on a dice, set fire to the shale at the bottom, and pump air down the middle hole to keep the fire going. The fire distills the oil, leaves coke for the fire to burn on, and the free oil is forced up the corner holes.

Other methods have been studied by men interested in oil-bearing sands in Venezuela, Czechoslovakia and other countries and oil-bearing shale in many parts of the world, including Canada's Atlantic provinces.

Whether any of these methods is satisfactory has yet to be established. Meanwhile, as all men do when they hope they are on the verge of something important, Bud Coulson is dreaming big dreams—dreams of the Athabaska deposits pumping petroleum, the lifeblood of modern industry, through arteries of steel to every part of the continent. The tar sands, down through the years, have inspired dreams like this in other men—men who gambled but lost. Will Coulson's dream come true, or even partly true? The future alone can tell. ★

24). I cannot see why the U.S. has to build our country . . . We are a young country, and given time we will build these things our own way. We stand and sing O Canada! Let Canada be for Canadians.—MRS. S. H. POWELL, CALGARY.

An American weed is cheaper

In The Weed that Gourmets Go For (Nov. 24) Robert Collins quotes prices for the twelve-ounce package of wild rice from \$1.65 to \$2.25. I have a package of Chippewa brand from Grand Rapids, Mich., which cost fifty-five cents.—KARL SCHOENLAHN, NEW LISKEARD, ONT.

Old days in Oxbow

The Maclean's cover of Nov. 10, showing the interior of the office of the Oxbow Herald, brought back memories. It was in 1903 that the Herald was started, and I was the first employee the late John H. Noble had to help produce the paper, which was done by a Washington hand press . . . After twenty-four years in Saskatchewan, I came to Alberta and am now publisher of the Fort Macleod Gazette, which in point of years is the oldest newspaper in Alberta, since the Edmonton Bulletin folded.—H. T. HALLIWELL, FORT MACLEOD, ALTA.

● We wish to thank artist Franklin Arbuckle and Maclean's for your cover because it draws attention to the fact that there are poets in Saskatchewan. Although we do not tie up our offerings to the editors with any rosy ribbons, the forty members of our society write a great deal of poetry each year, and much of it finds its way into print.—MARY GARLAND COLEMAN, SASKATCHEWAN POETRY SOCIETY, REGINA. ★



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2ND SPECTATOR: Is it Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale to which you refer?

1ST SPECTATOR: A hearty ale! A robust ale! Nay, but why do we tarry?

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London Letter continued from page 5

"There comes a moment, as in Hungary, when the instinct for liberty can strike with strength"

a siege economy. Those lean years of the Hitler war had their compensation inasmuch as people developed a sense of unity, which did much to reduce the hardships of their beleaguered existence. It is so today. No longer does a businessman drive alone to his office, but shares his car with other motorists. The insularity of normal life is replaced by a community sense that has no parallel in ordinary times.

Yet the shortage of petrol is not our only problem. Refugee Hungarians have reached these islands in their thousands. The people in the house next to ours in St. John's Wood—a house that once belonged to Toronto-born Beatrice Lillie—have taken in a Hungarian family consisting of the parents and three small children. Fortunately for them they have a Hungarian relative who was once a scientist and is now driving a lorry and speaks excellent English.

We called on them the other night when the father described the rebellion in Hungary while his brother translated as it went along.

It was a story of terror and brutality beyond description, but it was also a story of bravery and even humor. He told how a crowd of students pulled down a statue of Stalin and in doing so Stalin's head fell off. Whereupon the students put up a sign reading "Under Repair" and dragged the beheaded tyrant through the streets to the high approval of the crowds.

The year of fate for Russia

We asked the father if he looked forward some day to returning to Hungary. His reply was the same as we hear on every hand: "We would like to make our home in Canada."

There was a time when every European emigrant wanted to go to the United States but for some reason Canada has become the mecca of the refugees seeking a new life. Nor is this confined merely to nations that are under the iron heel of the Soviets. In France and Britain and Italy I have seen the same curiosity and desire to go to Canada.

They feel that the struggle between freedom and slavery must come to a head and that the issue will only be decided by force. No wonder they look across the seas.

It is not wishful thinking that makes one believe that 1957 will be the year of fate for Russia. She has not now a single ally in the true sense—not even Communist China.

In the West she sees the coming trade and military alliance of Britain, France, Italy, West Germany and the Benelux countries. Even closer is the threat of her rebellious satellites—Hungary, Poland, Romania and Czechoslovakia. And far across the world she sees the reluctant giant of America, clinging to the dream of isolation yet knowing that no such thing exists.

Admittedly modern weapons make it possible for the few to control many, unlike the days of the French Revolution when a mob was able to storm the Bastille; but there comes a moment, as in

Hungary, when the instinct for liberty can strike with enormous spiritual strength against the weapons of tyranny.

Many people believe the spark point will come when West Germany demands reunification with East Germany. I have been in touch recently with West German opinion and it has only one theme: Germany must be reunited, the parliament of the Reich must once more be in Berlin, and the Russians must go back to their own country.

Nor will Germany allow Allied forces to be stationed much longer in her territory. For what my opinion is worth, I believe that the Western allies should withdraw their occupation forces now and not wait until they are told to go.

One of the few happy features of the European scene is the renaissance of France. I felt it last summer when, with my wife and daughter, we motored across her lovely land on our way to Italy.

We could feel a new pride, a new sense of independence and, above all, a new confidence in the future. The French are the most individualistic of people, yet today their outlook is no longer chauvinistic, but world-wide. Despite the deplorable consequences of stopping short of our objective in Suez the rebirth of the Anglo-French alliance has added greatly to the strength of the West.

I do not want to go over the plowed area of international discord but in Britain we now dare to hope that even the UN will cease to be simply a quorum for mere discussion and exert the authority that lies in its power.

Therefore as we look upon 1957 we feel that by the time it has run its course the world may be able to feel that it is on the road to better things.

It will not be an easy year for us in Britain because the political battle has yet to be fought to a finish and it is hard to believe that the present parliament will run its full course.

But it is on Russia that the fierce glare of history is centred. Humanity cannot exist indefinitely half slave and half free. That is the lesson of the ages.

I have recounted this before but once more I am reminded of the words spoken to me by Kerensky who led the revolution in 1917 that overthrew the tsars.

"I gave Russia five months of freedom," said Kerensky to me in London, "and a nation that has known freedom even for only five months will never rest until it achieves it again."

Now I must put down my pen because I have said what I wanted to say and because my Hungarian neighbor is coming in for a lesson in English.

As he speaks not one word of our language and I speak not one word of his it will not be easy, but somehow we shall make ourselves understood and perhaps for an hour he will forget the flaming hell from which he escaped. ★

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IN THE editors' confidence

Our New Faces of 1956

Each year we introduce a bevy of new non-fiction writers to our readers and, as is our habit, we're happy to report on the 1956 crop. There were twenty-

four of them, ranging from Lieut-Gen. Guy Simonds to Dr. Hans Selye, of Montreal. All but two were Canadian residents. Here's a cross-section of them:



Alexander (Sandy) Barrie wrote his first article for us about the liver. Since then he's left for England but is hard at work on more Maclean's pieces.

Gladys Shenner produced a lively study of the Canadian pianist Glenn Gould. Shortly after that, our sister magazine, Chatelaine, made her an assistant editor.



Robert Fulford looked into the controversy over report cards and produced a strong article. Since then he's been appointed managing editor of Mayfair.



Alice Griffin, an editor of Theatre Arts magazine, introduced our readers to Christopher Plummer — who went on to stardom at Stratford's Festival.



Dr. Edmund Carpenter, anthropologist and writer, attacked the "huckstering" of religion. More recently he had some strong points to make about grammar.

Klaus Neumann, about to apply for citizenship, asked in Maclean's "Should I become a Canadian?" Now that he has, we expect to hear more from him.



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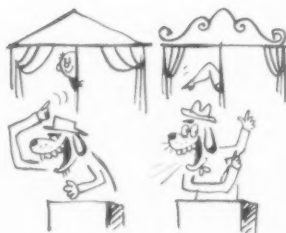
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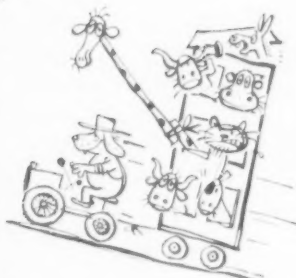


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Parade

How do you dial in the moon?

How is a teacher supposed to interest her students in the natural wonders in this day of man-made miracles? In eastern Ontario's seaway valley, where the rerouting of the mighty St. Lawrence has left the small fry singularly hard to impress, the teacher of a one-room school asked in eager tones how many of her class had seen the eclipse of the moon, which had occurred the night before. Out of the listless silence that followed one child finally asked politely, "What channel was it on?"

* * *

We're relieved to report that wild rumors of a crazy new feminine make-up craze, which swept through a Vancouver department store recently, were unfounded. The woman shopper whose red eyebrows caused amazed stares had been unwittingly betrayed by the studio photographer who had just done a camera portrait of her. He suggested she'd photograph better if she darkened her eyebrows and when she didn't have an eyebrow pencil told her that lipstick would photograph just as well—but didn't remind her to take it off.

* * *

A kindergarten teacher in Medicine Hat, Alta., who thinks it's wonderful the way the old nursery rhymes still exert their charm on modern youngsters, got to wondering how much of what they sing the kiddies really understand. So the other day, after a rousing round of Sing a Song of Sixpence, she conducted a survey to find out where, in this day of recreation rooms and family rooms,



her toddlers thought the queen was when she was in her parlor. Half of them had her in the beauty parlor and the other half in the beer parlor.

* * *

The RCMP still sends its tenderfoot constables out to fend for themselves at frontier posts, and it stands to reason these days that more and more of them are city-bred lads with little experience for the job. One such recent recruit, posted to a tiny settlement in northern B.C., was concerned by a report that a large black "Indian dog" had been caught in a trap in the bush, and went to investi-

gate. Sure enough, there was the poor beast, suffering considerable pain and turned so vicious that upon being released he promptly bit his rescuer and finally had to be shot. Even more concerned, the conscientious constable went about the community describing the ani-



mal and trying to find out whose dog he'd shot. Finally one local resident went back with him to the trap and confirmed a growing suspicion that the tenderhearted Mountie had gone to the rescue of a timber wolf.

* * *

The engine crew of a freight train nearly fell out of the cab the other day in south-central New Brunswick, at the sight of a daring bareback rider bounding along beside the tracks on a deer. Hundreds of miles away in the Laurentians, about the same time, a Montreal hunter fired two easy shots at a big buck he spied grazing in a meadow; when it didn't drop he raced across the field firing repeatedly and when he finally reached the nonchalant beast the hunter could only fling down his gun in frustrated rage.

The simple solution to these strange goings on, as pieced together by Parade operatives across eastern Canada, is an unparalleled outbreak of madness among deer slayers. In N.B. it was a foursome carrying a deer they'd shot the day before, who were so elated at their first kill that when they heard the train coming they couldn't resist propping the frozen carcass up in the snow while one man played cowboy to give the crew the start of their lives. The Montreal hunter never did find out who the practical jokers were who had cunningly rigged the deer head and hide, stuffed with straw, to look like a grazing buck; but his vanity was somewhat restored when he discovered that other equally keen-eyed hunters had already riddled the lifelike target before he fell for it.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

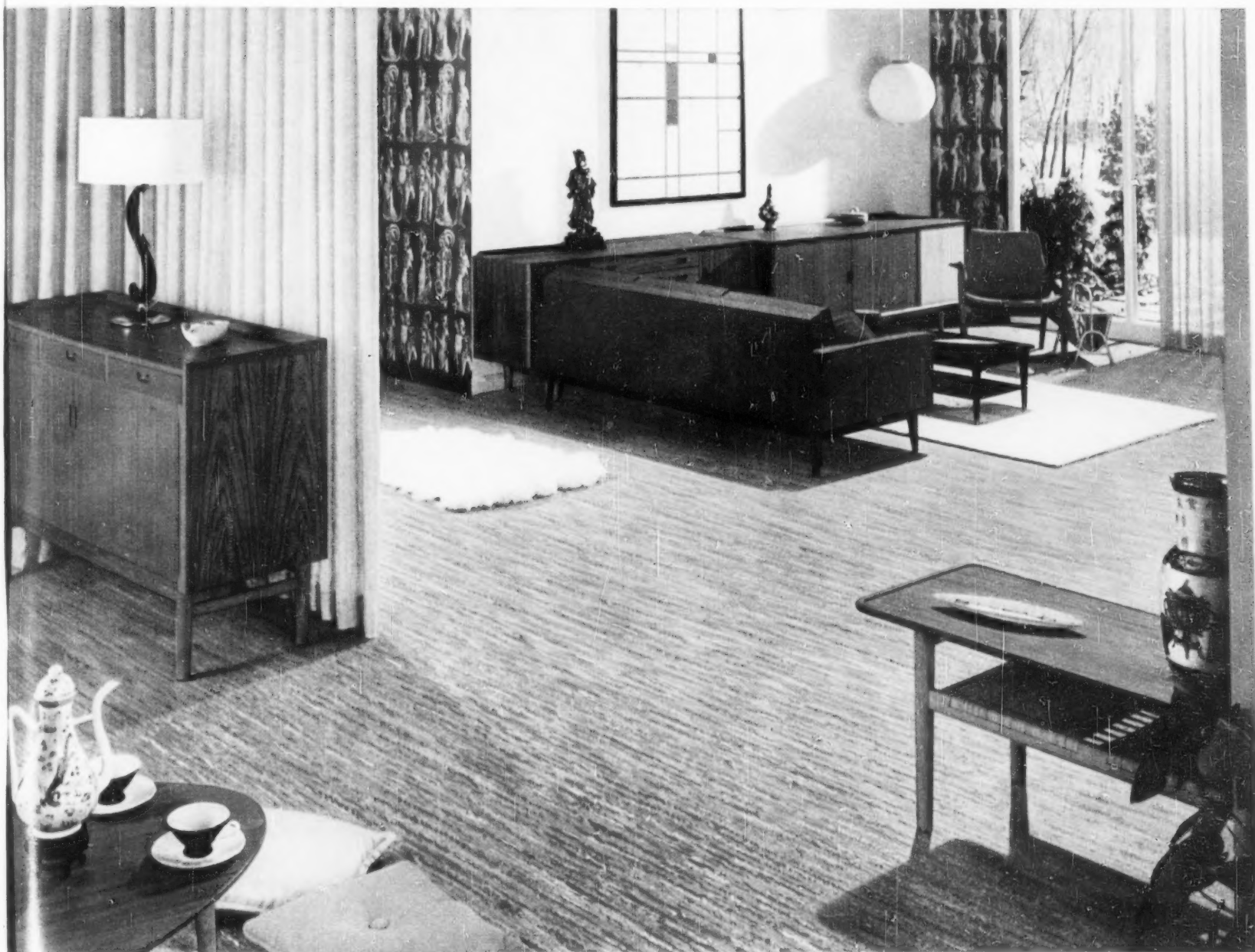
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